

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A FIERCE INVADER LANDS IN ENGLAND

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Seven

FIGHT WITH A MAN-EATER

THE KING HONOURS AN INDIAN HERO

Native Servant Frightens a
Tiger and Saves His Master

A VERY GALLANT DEED

The Great War called forth acts which won the V.C. for sons of India. The war of the jungle has aroused a deed of native heroism which has been signalled by the gift of that V.C. of civil life, the Albert Medal.

It is not customary for natives of India to battle with tigers, but a man of Gond, named Veladai Sammai, has done so, not as a display of prowess, but to save the life of a fellow creature.

Veladai Sammai is the native servant of an English forestry official in India, and was with his master in the wilds.

They were returning for the night when suddenly a tiger, which had stalked them unperceived, sprang on the Englishman's back, seized him by the neck in its terrible jaws, and began to drag him to its lair in the jungle.

The Gun that Failed

Sammai dashed at the beast, placed the muzzle of his master's gun against its body, and pulled the trigger. But he is only a gun-bearer, not a master of the weapon, and a safety catch was in operation which he did not understand. The gun did not go off.

The brave native dropped the gun and, with valorous shouting and beating of hands and arms, startled the man-eater into retreat.

Then Sammai got his master on to his feet again, and began to help and urge him to flight. The white man was badly mauled, bleeding profusely, and weak from the shock. But, aided by the faithful Sammai, he struggled along, faint and slow, but surely.

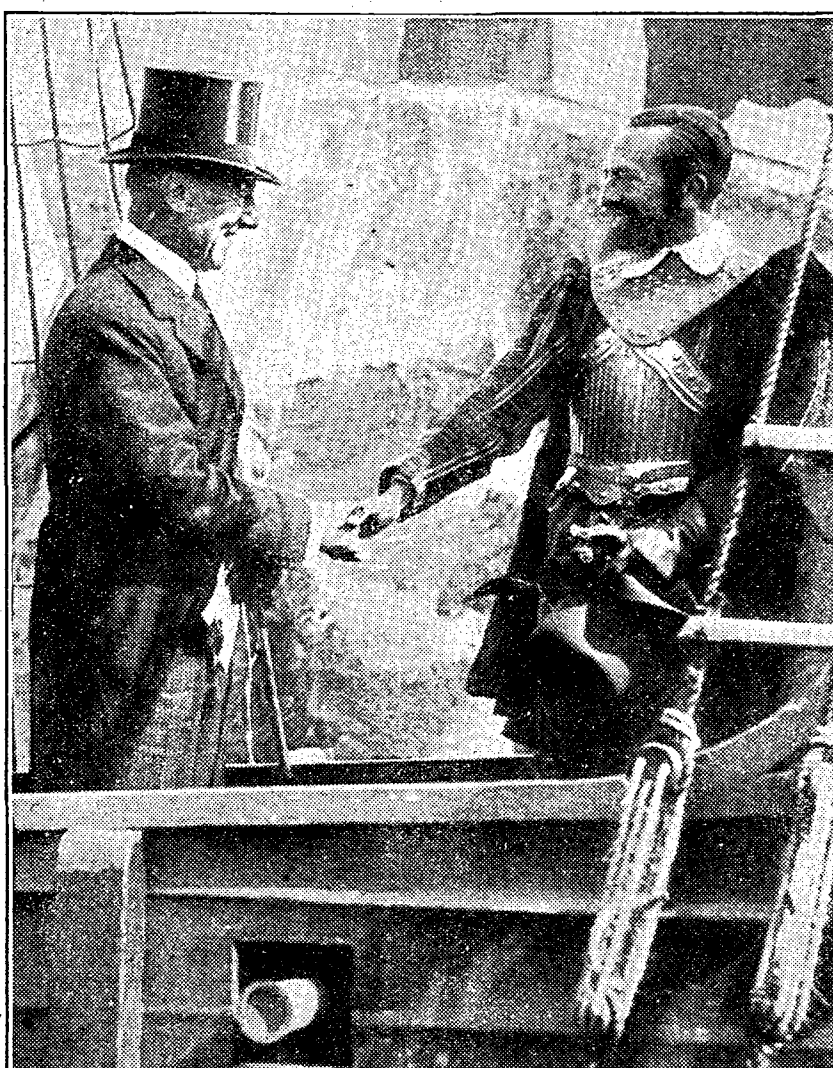
Stalked by a Tiger

They had two miles to go, a weary, staggering march, and the tiger prowled after them the whole way. It followed, suspicious, stealthy, determined. As often as it approached dangerously, however, the native renewed his outcries and threatenings with his arms, and so kept it at a distance.

Little by little the long journey was covered, and at last the white man tottered into camp and safety, preserved by as fine a bit of native courage and resource as is to be found in the history of the relations between Briton and Indian in the home of the tiger.

The story has come to England, and the King has conferred the Albert Medal on the valiant Indian, whose name now goes all over the world in the pages of that official document of the Empire, the London Gazette. But all India will know of it already by that wireless word-of-mouth telegraphy which runs in the wilds on foot.

The Admirals Meet on the Golden Hind



When Earl Jellicoe opened the wonderful Treasure Island at Wembley the great admiral of the 20th century, who commanded Britain's Grand Fleet against Germany, was greeted on board the Golden Hind by Sir Francis Drake, the famous admiral of the 16th century, who defeated the Spanish Armada. See page 7

A WIZARD AMONG THE WILD BEASTS

A WONDERFUL young man is Harry Ward, who has recently returned from Australasia in charge of a collection of wild beasts from the Antipodes.

Harry is twenty-three, but looks eighteen. In the past three years he has travelled with wild animals all over the world. His total journeys amount to about 50,000 miles, and he will soon be off again.

This time he came from Tasmania with a number of wallabies, kangaroos, rats, and extremely unpleasant Tasmanian Devils, which are offensive-looking creatures, of no use anywhere except in a jungle or a zoo.

Even Harry himself has to be careful how he handles these creatures, but there is very little else that worries him. He talked modestly to the C.N. about his achievements. He has just come from Hobart, after taking over two tigers, two pumas, four polar-bears, two ant-eaters, two chimpanzees, and a hyena to New Zealand. The journey took several weeks from London, and he lost only two animals, a chimpanzee and an ant-eater, on the way.

"I find tigers and pumas the easiest to get on with," he said. "They may be a little fierce when you are feeding them, but in the ordinary way nobody who has confidence and experience need fear anything when dealing with these big beasts."

"They are easy to handle if you treat them kindly, but you must be firm, and show no hesitation. On one ship I had a tiger who had hurt his paw. He let me put peroxide of sulphur on it and disinfect it every morning. If I had shown any sign of fear I could not have touched him."

Once on the way home from Australia Harry had a number of bandicoots housed on the after-deck of a big liner, and one of these created a great sensation by escaping and running among the dancers at a fancy-dress ball. He soon scattered them before him in all directions!

Every night after that Harry used to miss him, and would find him nearly always in the same place, hidden behind one of the baths. Harry could never understand how he got there.

A FOE FROM THE NORTH

ICEBERG THREATENS A LINER

Narrow Escape of a Cunarder
in the Ocean Mists

PERILS OF THE ATLANTIC

Everyone who has been to sea in Northern latitudes knows that, short of immediately impending shipwreck, the most uncomfortable of all experiences is when the ship slides through a dense fog.

Even the most seasoned traveller may be forgiven for feeling uneasy and restless in that mysterious and impenetrable haze.

The case for taking care was amply proved in the last homeward voyage of the fine new Cunarder Aurania, whose captain reached Liverpool from Quebec the owner of an illuminated address, given by his grateful passengers.

The Drifting Arctic Ice

At this time of the year towering icebergs, broken from the edge of the great Greenland ice-cap, are drifting down into the warmer waters of the Atlantic, and are meeting and melting into the stream that flows eastward and warms the north-western shores of favoured Europe. But where the warmth and the coldness meet there are thick belts of fog lying on the sea, barring with grey gloom the passage from Great Britain to the Canadian Dominion.

Passengers eager for an early sight of England were discontented when, with a loss of two days, Captain Peel felt his way slowly through the gloom.

There is, of course, a breed of seafarers who say the faster a ship cuts her way through a fog the sooner is she out of the danger zone, and that going slow only means lingering in the midst of perils. But the rush toward safety becomes a rush into certain disaster if the fog hides, and the ship hits, some unseen obstacle. It is not when a moving ship wails an alarm to another moving ship which wails back its own caution that danger is nearest, but when some massive object lies in the water-way and gives no warning.

A Skilful Captain

Nobody aboard the Aurania was found to blame the Captain's caution when through the misty reek, not more than fifty yards away, loomed up a lofty iceberg, a floating mountain, and only because of swift and skilful seamanship did the great berg and the great vessel pass each other by with safety.

A little more, and how much it is!

A little less, and what worlds away!

Another dreadful calamity like that of the Titanic was only just avoided, and the grateful passengers at once proceeded to express their appreciation of the experience and skill which had brought them past the most insidious danger that lurks in the ocean's mists and fogs.

WHO WILL SAVE THE DUCKS?

A Protest from Humbug Scrub

STRANGE SPORTSMANSHIP IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

The Editor has received an interesting letter from Mr. T. P. Bellchambers, the enthusiastic naturalist who is trying to preserve the wild life of South Australia in his Sanctuary at Humbug Scrub, near Adelaide.

Mr. Bellchambers has received and has acknowledged personally some subscriptions by readers of the C.N., and he asks us to acknowledge those from unknown correspondents.

He is very much concerned, as indeed are many others, judging by the correspondence in the Adelaide newspapers, about a remarkable decision by the Government respecting the opening of the duck-shooting season.

Hitherto the close season has ended on January 31. To the surprise of everybody, the date has been changed to December 21. All sportsmen, and all who are interested in bird-life, know that at that date the ducks have not finished nesting, or the young are too young to take care of themselves, and the mother birds will not leave them. Shooting at that time means brutal slaughter of the old birds and the perishing of the young. Who can wish for such a thing? Why has it been done?

How Not to Keep Christmas

The reply given in the newspapers is that the populace of Adelaide want to go shooting in their Christmas holidays, whether it is time for shooting or not, and the Government, in response to a petition from some would-be shooters, has let them loose on the nesting birds six weeks too early.

Judging by the tone of the correspondence we have seen, the Government will not have gained any credit among its own supporters, for a good proportion of the protesting letters are from writers who acknowledge they voted for the Labour Government which has made this cruel decision, contrary to all good feeling, good sportsmanship, and the well-known opinions of their expert advisers, who apparently were not asked to advise.

It cannot be an advantage to any Government to play down to the sort of men who would seek "sport" in exterminating wild creatures in their close season.

THE TOLL OF THE MOTOR-CAR

Nearly Half a Million People a Year Injured in America

The slaughter-bill of the motor-car is becoming a very serious question both in the United States and in Great Britain. Taking twelve hours a day as the time when motor-cars are in most vigorous use while the streets are most thickly peopled, the nearly 18,000,000 cars of the United States kill somebody every 14 minutes and injure two other persons nearly every minute throughout their working day.

The total number of deaths in 1924 was 19,000, and of injured 450,000, or 52 killed daily and 1230 injured daily.

Our 778,000 cars in Great Britain killed in the same period 2435 people and injured 53,084. That is an average death-roll of approximately seven and an injury roll of 145 for each day.

To make comparisons of carefulness would not be sound, for much depends on the density of traffic in the populous parts of the country, and also on the goodness or badness of roads in less populous parts; but in both instances the rates of death and of injury are appallingly high, and motoring remains under the shadow of grave suspicion of recklessness while they continue so high.

A GREAT CITIZEN

LORD MILNER'S WORK FOR THE EMPIRE

How Time Brought Healing and Turned Foes into Friends

A MAN OF MANY HONOURS

The British Empire has had few more capable and devoted servants than Lord Milner, who has just died at 71, yet few men have been more attacked and criticised.



Lord Milner

When he left Balliol College, Oxford, great things were prophesied of him and his rise was very rapid. "He was always pleasant, urbane, gentlemanly, and cultured—oh, so cultured!" said William Stead, the great journalist, under whom he served for a time.

Journalism soon lost him to the Treasury, and in 1892 he was appointed to the high post of Chairman of the Inland Revenue Department.

The great world came to know him when he was sent by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to be High Commissioner for South Africa shortly before the Boer War. He took a very strong line in his discussions with the Boers, and when war broke out his enemies said it was largely owing to his want of tact in dealing with them. Certainly he very greatly under-estimated their strength and determination. "The Boers will go home when it rains," he said—and when at last peace came, he strongly opposed the gift of self-government.

Brought Back to Office

After his return from South Africa he took little part in public affairs for many years, having felt the criticisms levelled against him very keenly. During the Great War, when he was brought back to office as Minister of War and Colonial Secretary, he had to meet criticism of a very different kind. He was steadily attacked as a friend of Germany. His grandfather had married a German wife, and his father, after marrying in England, took a post in Germany, Lord Milner himself being born there. But he was essentially an Englishman, and the attacks distressed him deeply.

In his Treasury days Lord Milner was sent out to Egypt to reorganise the finances of the country, a work in which he was brilliantly successful. Five years ago he headed a Commission of Inquiry which made recommendations for the granting of immediate independence to Egypt. In this again his action was hotly criticised, his enemies saying that what was said in this Report had had a great deal to do with the difficulties we have had with Egypt since. Yet others declare that if we had done as he advised those difficulties would never have arisen.

A Really Great Man

But time brings healing. Even with the keenest of his Boer critics, General Smuts, Lord Milner was reconciled at last, and the two became earnest workers together for the common good of the Empire. The General entertained him on his farm.

That friendliness was matched elsewhere in many ways. Everyone had come to regard Lord Milner as a fine thinker, sound financier, and devoted worker, a really great man, though he never lived in close touch with the mass of mankind.

Had he lived a few weeks longer he would have been elected unanimously Chancellor of his old university, where he had won high success in youth, followed by considerable distrust in the years of his contentious activity, and then had reached the closing honour of universal appreciation.

HINDENBURG'S PROMISE

Oath to Support the German Republic

WILL HE BRING PEACE?

The old war lord, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, has taken the oath of allegiance to the German Republic, and has promised his countrymen that he will work for the peace of the Fatherland.

Everyone is agreed that, whatever his faults, he is an honest man. So he has done what he can to get rid of the suspicion that he has taken the Presidency in order to restore the Kaiser and enter a war of revenge against France.

The oath is a very solemn one: I swear by God, the Almighty and All Knowing (says the old soldier) that I will devote my powers to the welfare of the German people, increase its benefits, turn danger from it, guard the Constitution and the laws of the Reich, conscientiously fulfil my duties, and do justice towards all. So help me God!

In his speech after the ceremony, the new President spoke of "the sovereignty of the people" and not of the Kaiser, and said he had taken the oath "in accordance with the Republican Constitution," by his word as a man. By his word as a man, therefore, he must be regarded in future as a supporter of the Republic against all its enemies.

Still more important, in a manifesto to the nation he called on it to join him in striving "through honest, peaceful work to gain the recognition of the other nations to which we are entitled, and to free the German name from the unjust stain which still lies on it today" of being a provoker of war. May he be given strength to fulfil his pledge!

THE PRIME MINISTER'S MOTHER

A Group of Five Sisters

The Prime Minister's mother has passed on into the Universe after a life of eighty years in this world.

A woman of remarkable powers, she was one of five wonderful sisters—five daughters of a Wesleyan minister, Rev. George B. Macdonald. Rarely has a more brilliant company of women come from a manse. One became the mother of Rudyard Kipling; another became the wife of Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy; another married the famous artist Sir Edward Burne-Jones; another lived to see her son Prime Minister; and the fifth sister was the companion of the Prime Minister's mother for half a century.

Mrs. Baldwin was herself the writer of several books, and as lately as last year she wrote a poem on Armistice Day, which began "Now shall our dead keep festival with us today."

THE C.N.'s PICTURE COMPANION

A Feast of Good Things

In this week's Children's Pictorial is told in pictures the story of happenings in many lands.

From Nature's realm in tropic climes we have the amazing story of a plant which catches and eats insects, and, since we cannot hope to see the event for ourselves, these special C.P. pictures make it clear for us.

Who does not wish to travel? Then join the band of C.P. readers and take a picture trip this week across Siberia.

Do engineering wonders interest you? Or life on a big liner? Pictures of these and many more subjects appear in the C.P.

The week's Nature Map of Britain is a unique feature that will appeal to all lovers of the countryside.

Order your copy now. Price twopence at all bookstalls.

CLOSING THE COAL MINES

A Great Industry Falls on Evil Days

PROFITS TOO SMALL TO PAY THE WAGES

Coal mining has fallen from its high estate among the industries of Britain. In the old days our prosperity was wholly dependent upon it. It might even be said that it was itself the prime source of our prosperity. Not only did it keep our shops and factories going, but our huge coal exports paid for a great part of the imports which as an island people we were bound to take.

Now, on the top of the trade depression which reduces the demand for coal for industry at home, the growth of the use of oil fuel for ships, large and small, naval and merchantmen, British and foreign, has heavily reduced the demand for coal at our ports, whether for bunkers of liners or for the holds of colliers.

Since November, though 90 new mines have been opened, no fewer than 276 have been closed. The new mines employ something over ten thousand people, but the mines that are closed employed over 55,000. No wonder that anxious questionings arise among the threatened workers as to whether some arrangements cannot be made to save the pits from closing.

It was told in the C.N. the other day how, in a colliery near Wrexham, the men had raised a fund to guarantee the owners against loss for three months if they did not close the mine and throw its workers out of employment. The North Wales Miners' Union disapproved, but the men went on with the scheme. Now the owners of the Birchenwood Colliery, in Staffordshire, have put forward a scheme for a similar fund to which not only the miners and the managers and clerks, but the landlords who get the royalties on the coal, shall contribute—each of them three shillings in every pound received in either wages, salaries, or royalties. If better times come and a profit is made every one is to get his money back, by degrees, with interest.

THINGS SAID

I am glad to denounce the false attribution to the French nation of a spirit of militarism. *Lord Croke*

A world without newspapers is more than ever an unthinkable world. *Lord Oxford*

It is well to be frank. It is even better to be fair. *Mr. C. P. Scott*

All men who love their own work, believe in it, and live for it, are their own best critics. *The Prime Minister*

Lord Oxford will be remembered in history as the man who spoke the noble voice of England at the crisis of her fate in 1914, and who, having endured with dignity and good humour the blows that fall upon leading partisans in our domestic politics, has now come into that peaceful haven where our elder statesmen enjoy the esteem and affection of us all. *Lord Rothermere*

Man's great task is to raise himself to a higher intellectual level.

M. Denis Saurat

I am provincial, heart and soul. I know there are persons who give themselves airs and use the term "provincial" in a disparaging sense, implying somehow some disability or limitation in our method or powers or manner of speech, some idiosyncrasy in the way we dress. I prefer my Worcestershire tongue to what I hear in London, and the clothes I wear in Worcestershire to those I wear in London. *The Prime Minister*

HOW THE RATS HELP US

A Striking Experiment ORANGES AND LEMONS STORING THE SUNLIGHT

In some lofty, well-lighted rooms in Chelsea Gardens a number of rats have been furnishing a great deal of useful information in return for their keep.

Their board varies. Sometimes it is bread and meat; sometimes only bits of orange. We usually think of a rat as something skulking in the dark, but the odd thing about these rats was that they fared far better on orange and sunlight than on bread and meat and darkness.

That suggests many thoughts about the value of sunlight not merely to rats but to human beings who live by preference far more in daylight than rats do. What is it that is so valuable about light? Some believe that it is those rays, mixed with the sunlight, that are known as ultra-violet rays.

Sunlight's Mysterious Power

When poor children starved in Vienna after the war, and many of them had rickets through want of proper food, Dr. Harriette Chick and Miss Margaret Hume, who keep these rats at the Lister Institute, Chelsea Gardens, found that the ultra-violet rays of light would work wonders with the little invalids.

They had in the hospital wards two rows of cots, one marked with red ribbon and one with blue. In the cots of one colour, the babies got milk and orange juice, and no cod-liver oil. In the other cots cod-liver oil was added to the milk. The cod-liver oil babies did far better.

Then rickety babies were cured with cod-liver oil. But it was also found that if they had sunlight they did almost as well; and after that it was discovered that it was the ultra-violet-ray part of the sunlight that was the most powerful agent in recovery.

Doing the Doctor's Work

These rays are, in fact, always doing the doctor's work in a mysterious way. They bring about some chemical alteration in the tiny microscopic plants and semi-plants of the sea on which the cod-fish feed. In short, they produce in these plants the mysterious vitamins which make good food. The cod-fish eats them and transfers the vitamins to his body, which yields the life-saving oil.

So does the cow when chewing the cud. The rays have put the right chemicals into the growing grass, and the cow transfers them to her milk. In the same way the rays give just the right chemical to the ears of wheat or the husks of rice or the skins of peas.

Most vigorous of all in taking advantage of the rays and getting the right substance out of them, are oranges and lemons. It is not the same chemical substance as in milk or oil, but it is equally beneficial; and oranges and lemons store it in such quantity that they may almost be said to barrel the sunlight.

A pot of marmalade is sunlight, water, and a few chemicals!

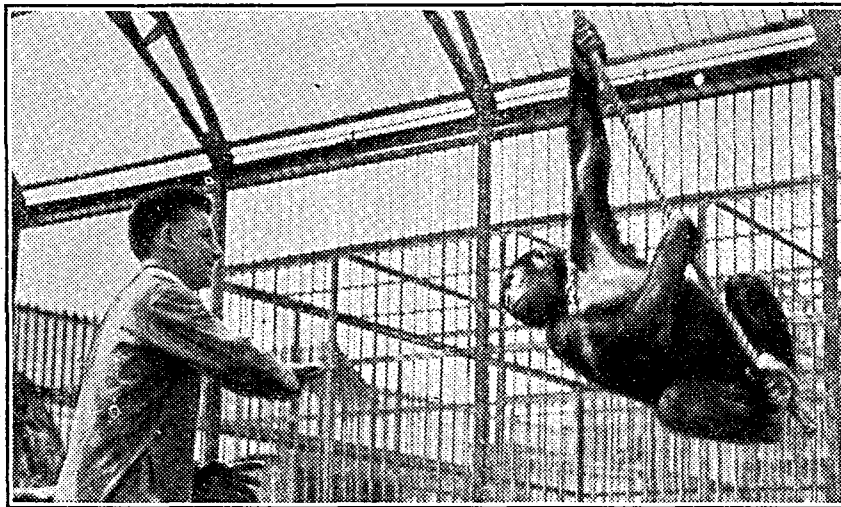
STUDENTS WORK THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

Princeton's Proud Record

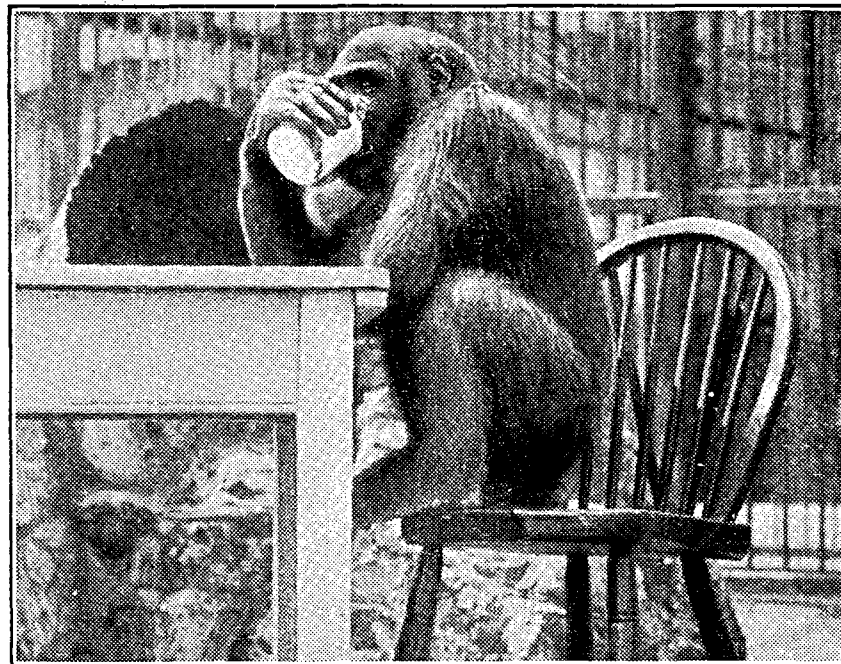
An interesting investigation has just been completed in Princeton University, U.S.A., as to the number of undergraduates who are earning their living wholly or in part while they are students.

It was found that 467 men last year earned a total sum of well over £50,000 by working at twenty-two different occupations. Some of the occupations were delivering luggage; parking motor-cars at football games, corresponding for newspapers, managing shoe-shine parlours, waiting at hotels, and bricklaying.

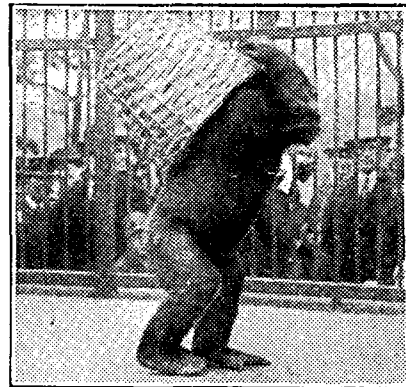
JOHN DANIEL VISITS THE ZOO



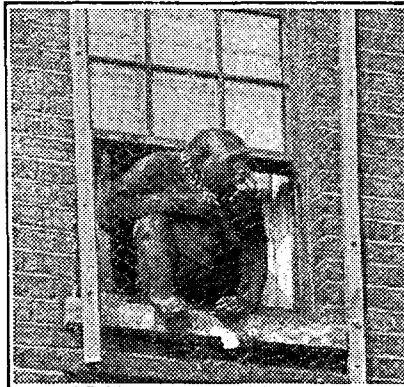
John Daniel swings to and fro in his cage



The gorilla feels thirsty after his journey



John Daniel amuses his visitors by carrying a basket



He takes his breakfast on the window-sill before leaving for the Zoo



John Daniel makes friends with his keeper at the Zoo

John Daniel the Second, a five-year-old gorilla, is now to be seen at the London Zoo, which he visits daily in his mistress's motor-car. He goes to the Zoo in the morning and returns home again in the evening. Zoos have never been able to keep a gorilla for long. See page 4

BEAUTY AMID THE SNOWS

THE PLANT-HUNTERS OF THE HIMALAYAS

Glorious Flowers that Blossom on the White Tops of the World SEEDS CARRIED IN VACUUM FLASKS

Among the most romantic callings which take men into the remotest wilds is one of which we hear least—the plant-hunters.

Nearly all our trees and plants have been brought to us from abroad; a good garden is the floral history of a thousand fine adventures. Our tulips come from Central Asia, narcissi from Spain or Portugal, irises from temperate Asia.

Other welcome aliens from afar now naturalised with us are the lilac, laburnum, horse-chestnut, sycamore, Lombardy poplar, holm oak, and all our conifers save the yew and Scots pine. The men who went out and brought these in have left worthy descendants; the adventures of the orchid-hunters alone would fill a thrilling volume.

Through the Mountain Passes

A very notable expedition of a different sort has just been brilliantly concluded by Mr. F. Kingdon Ward, the naturalist and explorer, with his friend Lord Cawdor, three Bhutan servants, and a number of porters. They have spent a year in foraging for beauty and living wonder in the great passes of the Himalayas leading from India to Tibet. Mr. Ward has related the history of the great adventure to the members of the Royal Institution; and a splendid story it is.

They spent their time amid snowy peaks and deep gorges through which swift rivers rage, and sometimes gleaned treasure at a height of 18,000 feet. Moreover, they were the first Europeans to traverse the great gorge through which the Tsampo pierces the Himalayas, a gorge 10,000 feet deep at the full, and 100 miles in its winding length.

A Natural Garden

Here, in places, the river narrows from half a mile to a turbulent torrent 50 yards wide. The party gathered their booty by descending cliffs 1000 and 2000 feet high, down to the river's brim, then up and on to the summits again.

They met natives of primitive and kindly habits, some engaged in simple agriculture, others guarding their sole worldly wealth, herds of yak. The floral riches amid these wild and awe-inspiring scenes almost passed belief: ivory-coloured poppies of exquisite fragrance, four feet in height, and one variety with 100 flowers to a stem; astonishing two-feet gentians, each with five or six spikes of sea-blue trumpet-shaped blooms; exquisitely scented great pink lilies; marvellous rhododendrons, towering in full flower above the snows, dwarf rhododendrons with genuine scarlet blooms, an astounding natural garden on the roof of the world.

How the Seeds were Transported

How were the specimens to be got home? The flowers had to be visited in spring and summer when in leaf and bloom and their positions carefully mapped. Later they had to be re-visited, when they had seeded. By that time winter had set in; the plants were buried and their seeds had to be dug out of the snow.

Then the seeds were enclosed in vacuum flasks and frequently dosed with carbon-dioxide, and so passed safely from Arctic conditions by way of India to England. Some have gone to New Zealand, some to South Africa, and the rest to Kew and Edinburgh.

The latest reports are that the seeds have germinated and are growing well, and so from this one expedition three continents receive new and lovely additions to their flora.

MAN THE HUNTER

RELICS OF HIS LIFE IN ANCIENT TIMES

What Suffolk was Like
Thousands of Centuries Ago
THE EARLIEST FLINT FLAKERS

By the C.N. Archaeologist

Buried deep below immense deposits laid down by the glaciers of the Great Ice Age, and by an ancient era which overflowed the slowly-sinking land surface of Suffolk hundreds of thousands of years ago, is to be found a remarkable bed which rests on the harder clay.

This former deposit, though of no great thickness, is of surpassing interest and scientific importance, because in it Mr. Reid Moir has found flint implements made by a race of people who lived in Suffolk during the later part of the profoundly ancient Pliocene period.

In the same deposit in which these flint implements occur are the remains of a number of strange animals now extinct, and we imagine, from the type of animals represented, that Suffolk enjoyed a hot climate in their days.

During last winter, excavations were carried out by Mr. Reid Moir below the Red Crag at Bramford, near Ipswich, where, on the east bank of the River Gipping, are some very large and deep pits. In the larger of these, which is dug into the side of the valley, the exposed section is about 130 feet high, and shows a remarkable series of deposits, laid down one upon the other upon the surface of the white chalk, which is cut into to a depth of about 70 feet.

Great Age of Mamma's

It was after the laying-down of the chalk in that far-off time that the warm-blooded mammals flourished so exceedingly. In the fullness of time, during the Great Age of Mammals, man appeared, and from the evidence in Suffolk we know that, even in the far-off days of the Pliocene Epoch, he had already progressed some distance from his original, ape-like condition.

At Bramford the deposit containing his flint implements is in places 40 feet from the surface, and it is clear that an immense span of time has passed away since these specimens were made. The recent diggings have brought to light a number of pointed implements, some of which might have been used as lance-heads, borers for making holes in hides, scrapers used in dressing skins, well-made choppers, a hammer-stone with which the flints were flaked, together with many fragments of flint.

The Earliest East Anglians

These relics show that man in those remote days was a hunter, using the skins of animals for various purposes, and from the discovery of burned flints with the implements we conclude that he had learned how to make a fire.

Towards the close of the Pliocene period Suffolk must have been a place of wide, well-watered plains, rich in game, and in the warm climate then existing the earliest East Anglians must have found themselves in very congenial surroundings. Unfortunately, no human bones have yet been discovered beneath the Red Crag, so we cannot tell what these people were like. Since they lived, great and widespread changes have occurred in East Anglia.

Stupendous Events

There have been sinkings and upliftings of the land, the Cromer Forest Bed has been laid down, and the Great Ice Age has come and gone. These stupendous events must have occupied prolonged periods of time, and it may well be that a million years separate us from the days of the people who lived in Suffolk before the Red Crag was deposited. But even these were not the earliest flint-flakers, for behind them stretches a vast period when still simpler forms of implements were in use.

JOHN DANIEL THE SECOND

New Gorilla Visits the
Zoo in a Taxi
HIS PRANKS AMONG THE TREES

Some years ago the Zoo had a very interesting visiting gorilla known as John Daniel, as all readers of the C.N. then knew, but he went to America and died there.

Now another young gorilla, called after his predecessor John Daniel the Second, is making daily visits to the gardens, and is likely to be as popular as the first John.

He comes to the Zoo in a taxi-cab in the morning, and returns to his home in the evening before it begins to be cold. He is intelligent and mischievously amusing. He drinks from a cup, or a bottle, eats off a plate with a spoon, and loves to play tricks with his keeper. Though he is very strong, and sometimes rougher than he thinks he is, he is not bad-tempered.

Showing Off

Visitors who can choose their time for seeing John Daniel the Second like to be at the Zoo when he arrives in the morning, for he regards that as a suitable time for showing off.

His first escapade was to make a dash to a tree when he was released from the cab, gambol among its branches, play naughty tricks on passers-by, and tear up bright flowers from their beds. It required a dash of water in his face from a garden syringe to damp his too lively spirits, and send him scampering back to his mistress for comfort.

Since then he has had a chain put round his neck, but he is too strong to be controlled by it, and can break away from one man. The sight of a hose pipe, however, makes him more obedient. Evidently he has a hankering after the temporary joys of freedom, with an unfortunate gift for destructiveness.

John Daniel the Second offers a study of animal behaviour that must not be missed.

Pictures on page 3

MOTOR SHIPS

Why the Demand for Coal
is Falling

One of the greatest revolutions in transport we have seen has come upon us almost unawares. This is the change from steam power to oil in the driving of ships.

We knew, of course, that the Navy had been burning oil in many of its ships so that oil tanks were replacing coal bunkers at what we used to call our coaling stations in all parts of the world. We knew, too, that merchant shipping was going in for oil fuel to an increasing extent. But who would have thought that almost as many oil ships as steamships were already being built?

Yet the latest return made by Lloyd's Register shows that of the ships now being built throughout the world the "motor tonnage" already reaches more than 75 per cent of the steam tonnage? Out of the 2,380,000 tons in building 1,022,000 tons are to be motor driven.

It is not encouraging to know that of this tonnage Great Britain and Ireland, who used to be the shipbuilders for the world, are only producing 360,000 tons, against 662,000 tons produced abroad. Britain is building 54 motor ships, Germany 55, though of slightly smaller tonnage, Denmark 18, Italy 15, Holland 14, and Sweden 11. Curiously enough, the United States has only two on the stocks, and these are quite small.

SAVING THE BEAUTY SPOTS

New Zealand's Fine Lead
THREE MILLION ACRES
PRESERVED FOR THE PEOPLE

There has been a great deal in the papers lately about the way the advertisers and others are spoiling our scenery, and we have a Bill before Parliament to strengthen the law on the question. New Zealand has taken a wonderfully simple and direct way of putting things right, and some people would like to see her example copied here.

The New Zealand Government has power to declare that any mountain, or hill, or piece of forest, or ancient Maori fort, is a "scenic reserve," and must not be spoiled in any way—by tree felling or quarrying or building, and of course not by advertising—and that the public must have free access to it. If the land is private property the owner must be compensated.

New Zealand has already reserved nearly three million acres under these powers. "Volcanoes and geysers, hot lakes and cold lakes, fiords and gorges, forest and icy summits," are all included, and reproductions of some of them may be seen at Wembley.

Such sweeping provisions could hardly be applied to our crowded little island without modification, but the voluntary societies which are trying to save our beauty spots might well get more help than they do.

We told the other day of the prosecution of advertisers on the Downs, near the Brighton road, whose announcements were painted on great concrete blocks. The advertisements have been painted out now, but the concrete blocks remain! The law as it stands cannot require these to be removed; but in the Bill now before Parliament this curious omission is corrected.

THE WORLD'S BIRD POPULATION

Forty Times the Number of
Human Beings

The Bureau of the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture has been gathering figures as to the number of birds in given areas, with a view of estimating the total bird population of the world.

The records made showed an average of approximately 224 birds for every hundred acres of land. The Bureau estimates that in the north-eastern and central States of America there are 82,660,089 robins, 69,300,883 English sparrows, 50,514,499 song sparrows, 33,815,491 cat birds, 29,640,739 chipping sparrows, 29,223,264 meadow larks, 23,796,086 housewrens, 23,378,611 king birds, and 22,126,185 blue birds, or a total of 364,455,847 of nine species. It is reckoned that there must be 688,266,314 birds of all other species, so that the total for the north-eastern and central States is 1,052,722,161.

But this enormous number is only from a fifth to a quarter of the bird life of the whole United States, and, reckoning the same figures as a basis for estimating the bird population of the world, it is supposed that there must be something like 75,000 million birds, or forty times the total number of human beings on the Earth.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aphides Af-e-deez
Archimedes Ar-ke-me-deez
Hawaii Hah-wy-e
Paderewski Pad-er-ef-ske
Pliocene Pli-o-seen

LISTENING-IN TO CANTERBURY

Cathedral Service to be
Broadcast

A FEAST FOR LOVERS OF
GOOD MUSIC

Listeners-in on June 5 are to have an especial treat. On that day, a service is to be broadcast from Canterbury Cathedral in reminder of Orlando Gibbons, the seventeenth-century composer. The choir of the Cathedral and the choir of the Chapel Royal, London, will take the service together.

The inclusion of the Chapel Royal singers is peculiarly appropriate, as Gibbons was organist there for some time before he became organist of Westminster Abbey. He was born at Cambridge in 1583, and from his earliest years to the end music absorbed him.

The end came far too soon. In early June, 1625, Charles the First, who had been king of England for about three months, went with his Court to Canterbury to await the arrival of Henrietta Maria, the French princess. Gibbons was commanded to attend, and there at Canterbury, on the fifth day of the month, he died suddenly.

Glorious English Music

England was thus bereft of a man who had given her treasures of his genius such as she was unable at the time fully to appreciate.

In that and the preceding century England was really a musical country, producing church music, madrigals, and pieces for stringed instruments that stand alone in the history of music in the continent of Europe.

The people took this as a matter of course. They could not know that Orlando Gibbons, dying so tragically in the mid-term of his manhood, had struck the highest note of the national musical genius. Before him came Byrd, Bull, Weelkes, Dowland; after him, with the Restoration, came Pelham Humfrey, Blow, and Purcell.

A Magnificent Organist

Gibbons's sacred music is, happily, still sung in our churches and cathedrals, and perhaps now that the ears of all the country have been lent to his beautiful sounds, will be more widely rendered. Nothing can reproduce his great gifts as an organist. It was said that he "had the best hand in England."

His Morning and Evening Service in F stands out for its exceeding loveliness and great dignity. Of his anthems, O clap your Hands, God is gone up, Lift up your Heads, Almighty and Everlasting God, and Hosanna, are probably the best known.

Three hundred years have passed by since the pure sounds of this perfect music echoed in the same Westminster Abbey that was so glorious to Orlando Gibbons. The people who go to the service will see his monument in the north aisle of the nave in Canterbury Cathedral. A few will doubtless look at his portrait, musingly, in the Oxford music school. His real monument is for ever enshrined in the memory of the lovers of music in England.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER

A Mill-Worker's Generosity

A Bolton mill-worker has handed over to the secretary of the Bolton infirmary a packet of notes amounting to £1000, the only condition being that his name shall not be published.

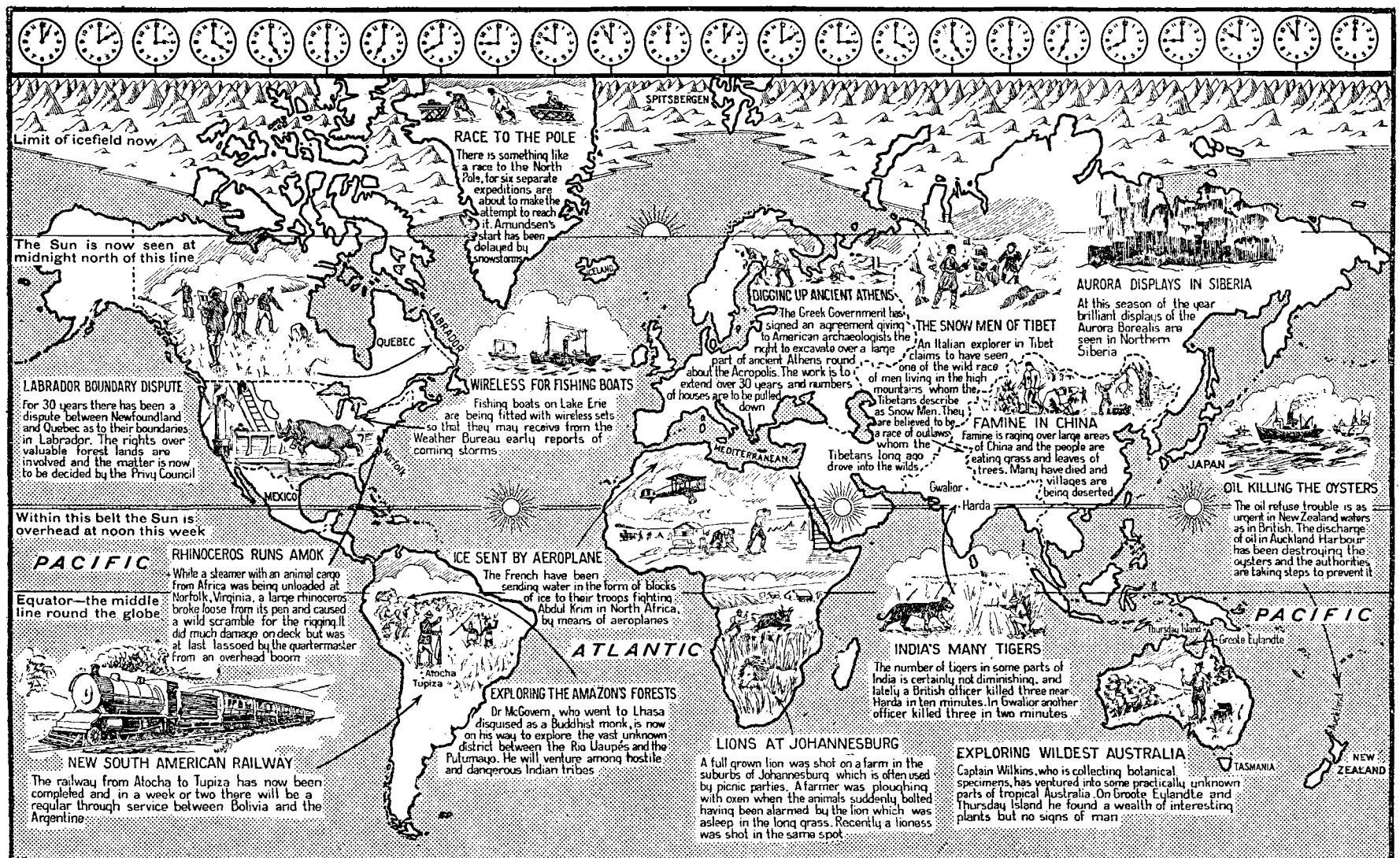
Eighteen months ago he gave £500 in the same modest way to the same institution. This obedience to the advice "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" is as unusual as it is delightful.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A FAMOUS TELLER OF TALES

Sir Henry Rider Haggard's Glowing Romances

Widespread regret has been felt at the death of Sir Henry Rider Haggard. He was an honest-minded gentleman who did varied work of sound value besides writing many romantic novels, which are the delight of boys and girls as well as of grown-ups.

Forty years ago he became the best-selling tale-teller of that day by his King Solomon's Mines, and he fully sustained his popularity by She and Allan Quatermain. Since, he has written about fifty other tales that have attracted less attention.

As an official in South Africa among the warlike native races, he was struck by the romance of the continent, both in the far-off times of its mysterious northern kings, and in the traditions and personal bravery of some of its modern races; and from these sources he developed his exciting tales. Often there were some germs of fact warranting the strange adventures of his characters.

It is quite probable that the popularity of his early stories will be renewed as new generations again demand glowing romance. Why should not the youth of the present day or of forty years hence be charmed by the romance which captured the youth of forty years ago?

The reason why Rider Haggard's reputation was not sustained with his first readers was because he had exhausted his original matter and method. His readers had had enough of what they read in She and King Solomon's Mines and Allan Quatermain.

In later life Rider Haggard became a typical country gentleman with British agriculture as his chief subject, and good sense as the sheet anchor of his literary voyaging. Personally he was much liked and respected, and indeed he had in himself many of the qualities that gave his tales their manly tone.

SHORTER SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT

Proposed Ten Minute Limit

Naturally a man who gets into Parliament wants to make speeches. That, he thinks, is what he is sent there for.

But there are over six hundred members, and some of them—especially ministers and ex-ministers—speak so often and make such long speeches that there is little time left for the others.

In important debates every time a member sits down a score of others jump up and try to "catch the Speaker's eye." The Speaker usually has a list of names before him drawn up by the party Whips, and he calls on the next man on his list. But if the list and the speeches are long, the time is soon gone, and innumerable speeches remain undelivered.

A meeting of members has been held to consider a plan for keeping speeches short. It was suggested that each member should promise never to speak more than ten minutes at a time, and so make room for the rest.

Unfortunately, the big men who speak often, and the small men who speak endlessly when they get a chance, did not come to the meeting. One member said that in the last two years he had tried to catch the Speaker's eye 55 different times, without success. When he does catch it he will be a hero indeed, if he speaks for only ten minutes!

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Hoppner . . .	£3355
Picture by Lord Leighton . . .	£3255
Picture by Sir John Millais . . .	£1050
A Paris tapestry panel . . .	£700
A Chinese porcelain vase . . .	£500
A Louis XV table . . .	£160
An engraving after Reynolds . . .	£131
A Henry VII silver spoon . . .	£105
A Louis XV silk-winder . . .	£63
A Lambeth Delft jug . . .	£31

THE CHILDREN'S TOWN COUNCIL

Weymouth Shows the Way

Congratulations to Weymouth on being the first borough in England to start a juvenile Town Council.

This enterprise has originated from the Rotary movement. The Council schools have elected 38 boy councillors, who in turn have elected their mayor, aldermen, and officials.

The boy councillors will by sections attend meetings of the real Town Council, to understand how public business is conducted. This kind of early training has already been extensively practised in Canada, with excellent effects. There it is not a mere playing at learning public business, but the best methods of civic government are closely and eagerly studied by some of the most intelligent boys in the Dominion, and their elders watch their progress with a very hopeful appreciation.

Why should it not be so in England?

DURHAM CASTLE IN DANGER

Strengthening the Foundations

Every traveller who passes Durham by rail must be impressed by the fine mass of its Castle, and the Castle's close companion the Cathedral, crowning a hill that overlooks a bend in the River Wear. The Castle is now part of the University, its great hall being the refectory.

This splendid historical building, looking one of the most solid in a land of solid buildings, is however in danger from the shaly character of the lower layers of the hill, which is not firmly upholding the weight it has so long borne. It is, however, being strengthened, so that the stability of the building will be preserved. The cost of making really strong what looked so strong will be £30,000.

VOYAGE IN A PERAMBULATOR

A Baby's Wonderful Adventure

The eighteen-month-old son of Mrs. Anson of Selby is too young to remember his most extraordinary adventure, but it will doubtless be remembered for him as one unexcelled in strangeness, and for its happy ending.

The child's mother had left him strapped in his perambulator outside a garden gate, while she went into the house. Near by the River Ouse runs swiftly when the tide is on the ebb. A sudden gust of wind caught the perambulator and ran it down into the river. There it kept its balance, which the laddie was too well secured to be able to disturb. Indeed he seemed to be unaware of the danger, and rather enjoying the trip seaward down the river.

A watchful neighbour saw the child afloat and warned his mother of what had happened. But she was helpless, and with other spectators was only able to watch with intensest excitement the race that followed, as two boatmen put out and rowed to catch the floating carriage as it kept settling deeper and deeper into the water.

They won the race, but only in the very nick of time. If they had had a few strokes farther to go "baby and cradle and all" would have been submerged, and the story might have been sad indeed, as well as strange.

The obvious lesson of this happy deliverance is that near a fast flowing river it is just as necessary to tie the perambulator to the garden gate, if you leave it, as it is to tie the baby in the perambulator.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S EXERCISE

It is said that President Coolidge takes daily exercise on a mechanical horse worked by electricity in the White House at Washington. The dummy horse walks, trots, canters, or gallops as the rider changes its action with a lever. It also varies its pace.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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Inquire Within

ONCE upon a time there was a king who ruled over a city. It was a little kingdom, but nothing ever went right in it. The king chose one set of ministers, and when things were clearly going wrong he chose another set, but the city grew no better. So the king was at his wits' end.

To make things worse there came a time when the king had to leave the city for a year. What would his poor city do without him?

The year passed, and the king came back. What was his surprise to find that the city was prosperous, and the people contented, and everything different. The wrong things had been put right. Then at once it came home to the king that what was wrong with the city was not its ministers or its judges, but its king.

Sometimes in our homes, or in our classes or our elevens, everything goes wrong, and we look round for the cause of it. There is So-and-so; he is very bad-tempered, and we should not be surprised if he is to blame. Or there is that member of the eleven who is not doing his best. But do we ever ask *What if I am the cause?*

Then sometimes the truth comes home to us. We leave home for a time, and the temper at once improves. We catch a cold and are out of the eleven for a time, and they do splendidly without us.

Nobody likes to admit that he is in the wrong. But the first person about whom we should think is ourselves. We are very proud; we think it is impossible that we should be responsible for anything that is wrong, but often the truth comes too late. It takes strength of character for us to see ourselves honestly, or as others see us.

We look round at others, and we say: "How can So-and-so be so stupid? Everybody knows it but himself." The fact is that he has always treated himself as if he were beyond blame, and so he has never seen himself as he really is. It is very foolish of him, but even while we are laughing at him we may be very much like him. Many of us would be surprised to find how we appear to other eyes. It is better "not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think." The great men in business, the writers who attain to mastery, and the men who excel in all that is best are those who are humble, and see where they are wrong. They are generous to others, but hard and merciless to themselves.

When things go wrong, before looking for the culprit outside you, inquire within.

It may be you.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Two Dogs

This story, with its suggestion of the sameness of the tax-collector's ways everywhere and its touch of human nature, comes to us from the other side of the world.

A TAX-COLLECTOR, bent on having no evasions of the dog-licence law in his district, entered a garden gate and inquired of two little girls playing there if they had any dogs. "Yes, sir," they replied. On being asked how many, the little ones said: "Two, sir."

Thereupon the man continued his journey to the front door and knocked. The mother of the children appeared, and this conversation followed:

Have you any dogs?

No; we have no dogs.

But the little girls say you have two.

Just then the two little girls appeared beside their mother in the doorway with tears in their eyes, hugging two wooden dogs which they understood the man had come to take away!

Paddy to the Rescue

WHEN we meet those clever, practical people who dismiss idealists as cranks let us recall the following incident.

At a very grand house in New York a full-blooded African Negro was engaged to sing to the distinguished guests. His accompanist played badly, and the first song suffered in consequence. When it came to his second song, one of the guests, a tall, thin, pale-faced, and fair-haired man, rose from his chair, went to the piano, and offered to play for the Negro.

The guest was Paderewski.

The effect was astonishing, and the Negro said afterwards: "No such honour has ever been paid before to one of my race." If only the practical people would be Christians how easily the problems of world politics might be solved!

The Old Housekeeper

A READER of the Children's Pictorial sends the Editor two sayings by an old Dutch housekeeper at the Cape, which he purloins for the C.N.

Our friend was showing visitors over a house at Constantia which has beautiful oil-paintings on the staircase walls, and beautiful views from the windows, and she said:

"When the wife of the Governor came here she admired these paintings, as you have done, and I said, 'Yes, my lady, they are very beautiful, but our Master makes more beautiful pictures for us.' She looked surprised, but I pointed through the window, and she took a long look and said, 'Yes; you are quite right.'"

The other saying of our old housekeeper was this:

"Last night I was very tired, so my prayer was very short. I just said, 'Lord Jesus, my noble Friend, there's nothing between us. Amen.'"

Why?

A LITTLE friend of ours was asking the other day why Jesus did not tell us everything, so that we could all have knowledge.

We think the answer is that we are left to find out things to leave room for something more important than all the knowledge in the world, the most beautiful thing that mankind has—Faith.

Tip-Cat

A DENTIST advertises that he makes extractions a pleasure. His patients will take pains with them if he does not.

THE writer who finds that the right things to eat are uncooked things must have been fed-up with bad cooks.

SOME Southern Railway trains are too long for the platforms. Passengers have noticed they are too long on the journey.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If fathers give
their naughty
fisher-boys fishing
smacks

and count ten before it tries to pass at a corner.

MUSIC is the Cinderella of the arts. Only, of course, when it is not playing.

GOD made the country, but men put up the advertisement hoardings.

WE are told there is a serious side to hairdressing. That must be the side on which there is always a parting.

THIS year is the centenary of the gummed envelope. It is one of the things we shall always stick to.

Shall We Lag Behind?

ROME is leading London in kindness to animals. That seems a strange thing to say, for cruelly goaded oxen and overloaded mules used to be common features of the Italian landscape.

But now all the municipal slaughter-houses are to be placed under the direction of the Rome Society for the Protection of Animals. Trained men use a pistol which kills instantly.

It seems high time that we in England abandoned our ways in this matter, and also stopped sending our worn-out horses to be slaughtered in Belgium. We cannot afford to lag behind Italy in being kind to animals

What They Fought Each Other For

New roads are being made through the beautiful highlands of Scotland, so well known and so well loved by travellers.

Two hundred years ago the fierce clansmen who roamed the glens and hills spared no traveller who came their way, and when there were no strangers to rob and kill they made war upon each other.

The modern Highlander still loves to tell stories of the time before the roads were made, when the clans fought a war of extermination for no better reason than that they belonged to different families. Mr. MacCallum Scott, the well-known lawyer and journalist, is very fond of this one.

TWO bodies of clansmen met suddenly one day in a valley where neither party knew of the other's presence. Without a word they settled down to fight with their great claymores. There were exactly 100 men on each side, and they fought man to man for a long time, sweating and gasping, and breathing slaughter, until at length only two remained alive in the valley.

These two, a young man and an old man, faced each other for the last combat. But both of them were so exhausted that they kept a moment's truce, as if by mutual consent. And in that moment the old man found his voice and spoke.

"I am a very old man," he said. "I have seen and done much in my time, but never have I seen or done such strange things as this day. And as you are a younger man, and perhaps a stronger, it may be that this will be my last hour on earth. So tell me, before you draw your sword again, what is your name."

The Better Way

"My name," said the young man, with a proud shake of the head, "is MacCallum, and all these are my kinsfolk that lie dead around me. It is their blood, the blood of nearly five score MacCallums, that I shall avenge in slaying you."

The old man smiled. "Put up your sword," he cried, "and take the hand I offer you. I, too, am a MacCallum, and these are all MacCallums who lie around me, my kinsfolk whom your kinsfolk have slain. If we had only been able to have speech of each other ere the battle began, we should have saved 198 lives."

So the young man and the old man shook hands, and each went his way.

The Deep and Silent Places

I will get me away to the deep and silent places,
Where I shall hear only the sound of the wind in the trees,
And the sea.

I will leave the crowded city, with the noise of the tramways,
And the ceaseless, discordant hooting of the cars;
The turmoil and the clamour of a thousand peoples shall sound no more in my ears.

For I will get me away for awhile to the deep and silent places,
Where I shall hear only the sound of the wind in the trees,
And the sea. *Provence, 1925*

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INVADERS FROM THE ARGENTINE

LITTLE FOES THAT MARCH IN BIG BATTALIONS

How an Island Has been Devastated by an Ant

AN ENEMY COMES TO ENGLAND

A disquieting piece of news was published the other day. It was stated that the Argentine ant, a little brown insect, smaller than our common British ants, had made its appearance at a South of England watering-place, and had been seen also near Dublin.

Now, although this ant is so tiny and although it cannot sting, yet it is one of the most dangerous foes with which man has to contend. In fact, distinguished scientists who have studied it in its haunts, declare that it bids fair in some parts of the world to menace the very supremacy over living things which man has held for a period of some 500,000 years.

Destruction in Madeira

Curiously enough, in its homelands of South America it is not a pest, for, by some natural means, the true nature of which has not yet been discovered, its numbers are kept down. But when the ant travels into other countries, as it does in all sorts of ways, then it multiplies with amazing rapidity, spreads almost like fire, and does nearly as much damage as fire.

It travelled into the United States with the Brazilian coffee crops and on ships and railway trains has passed to Europe, South Africa, Hawaii, and the British Isles. As an instance of what it can do, Madeira is a sad example. The island has been almost devastated by it, and that in a few years.

Coffee cultivation there has been completely ruined, orange and lemon growing has been almost entirely destroyed, the sugar cane and banana industries have been seriously affected, and sweet potatoes have been completely eliminated in many districts.

Marching on Like the Huns

Not only the plant life, but much of the animal life of the island has also been destroyed. The ants devour everything in their way. They have even been known to kill human beings. Bees, wild birds, poultry, and the smaller animals are quite unable to resist their ravages. Parasites, which were introduced into their nests in the hope that they would make war upon them, were eaten up with zest; disease fungi had no effect whatever. The only creature which can stand up to the ants seems to be a certain species of spider, but even the spider may succumb in the end.

Rains and floods stop the ravages of the ants for a time, but directly the water is covered with a film of dust the ants use this as a bridge, and march on once more like the Huns.

A Call for Vigilance

Not only directly by its attacks on useful plants and animals is the Argentine ant a menace. It works evil in many indirect ways. For example, in the United States it devours the fire ants which have been very useful in destroying the cotton boll weevil grubs, but it does not attack the cotton boll weevil, which is, therefore, left free to multiply. Then it protects and nurtures various kinds of aphides, creatures which are a serious menace to the crops, and they are thereby helped to multiply.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A carpet weighing 21 tons has been laid in a London Hotel. It required more than 70 men to handle it.

Rejected Pictures

It is said that 12,000 pictures sent this year to the Royal Academy Exhibition were rejected. This is a record number of rejections.

The Lone Wolf

Government hunters have just killed a daring lone wolf in Colorado that is estimated to have slain £5000 worth of cattle and sheep. It defied capture for many months.

Shakespearean Pilgrims

Last year the number of visitors to Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon was larger than ever before. The number was 81,146, and £6696 was taken in admission fees.

More than half the houses in the United States are now wired for electric lighting.

Monument that Rises and Falls

Temperature changes make the lofty Washington Monument in Washington vary over five inches in height in the course of a year.

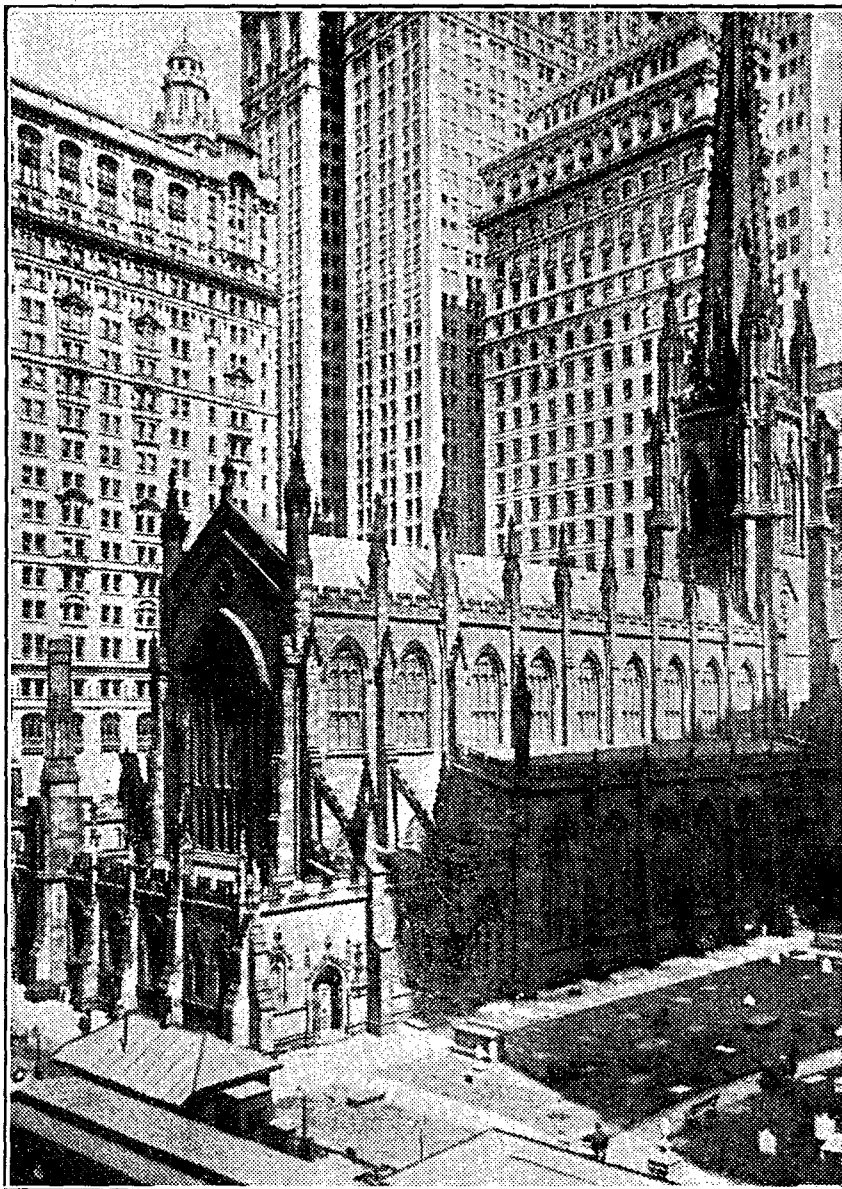
New Flying Record

A Fokker monoplane with a 450 horse-power Napier engine has reached a height of more than three and a half miles. It carried a load of one ton.

The One English Pope

A pageant will be held in June at Bedmond, Herts, to commemorate the only Englishman who ever became Pope. This was Nicholas Breakspear, who was born at Bedmond. His papal name was Adrian the Fourth.

NEW YORK'S HIDDEN CHURCH IN DANGER



Trinity Church in New York City is now completely surrounded by huge skyscrapers which hide, not only the church, but its spire also. Excavations for subways have weakened its foundations, and the church is said to be in such danger that the tunnelling work must stop for the time being.

It is believed to be a carrier of disease, for it gathers round manure heaps and filth of all kinds, enters sick rooms where consumption patients are living, and then goes off to clean homes, crawls over food, and must leave the disease germs as it travels. In the countries where it is multiplying so rapidly it infests the towns as well as the rural districts. People have to leave their homes. Florists' shops are invaded and the petals bitten off the plants. In orange and fig growing areas the value of the land varies according to whether the Argentine ant is in possession or not. It is an inquiry that is always made by the buyer.

The ant spreads in many countries more rapidly than can be kept pace with by the records. Parties numbering hundreds or thousands are sent out from a nest in all directions, and as they

travel queens settle down every here and there and form new colonies, which in turn send out fresh columns, and so in a few weeks one nest may populate a whole area.

In England we often read of these invading marches of tiny insects which devour everything in their way, but we do not think of them as dangers in our own land. Probably the Argentine ant will not thrive here as it does elsewhere, but the fact that it has reached our islands and has established itself in ten different districts, is a warning that we must be vigilant.

With the example of Madeira and some States of America before us, it is clear that we cannot ignore the invader. Fortunately we have many skilled entomologists who are making a study of the creature's ways with a view of preventing its spread.

THE PEAK OF ROMANCE

DRAKE GOES TO WEMBLEY

And Welcomes Boys and Girls on Board the Golden Hind

WONDERS OF LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND

By Our Own Visitor

Before the summer is over millions of children will have felt that they have truly been on a real Treasure Island.

My visit to Wembley was on the day when Earl Jellicoe, the famous admiral, was received by Sir Francis Drake on the rebuilt Golden Hind, and, from the poop of that famous craft, declared the Island open for visits from all children who love romance, and also such parents as the children may introduce.

The island itself rises to a peaky height from the centre of a lagoon in which floats a replica of the most famous of English tiny ships that first explored the world. The peak is honeycombed with caves, and its sands around are inhabited by human figures dear to all lovers of romance.

Meeting Robinson Crusoe

There among many you come upon Robinson Crusoe, clothed as if for Arctic exploration; on Captain Hook, a perspiring monster of piratical villainy; but not on stumping John Silver with his wooden leg—or, if he is there, I missed him. Best of all is the gallant Drake, a fine figure, quite neat and trim though dashing in his style, as becomes an Elizabethan gentleman.

When Lord Jellicoe, top-hatted, and with no trace of the admiral in him, approached the gangway that connects the Golden Hind with the sandy shore, he was piped aboard by the whistles of three sturdy sailormen, and received by Drake with a bow so sweeping that the rigging of the Golden Hind hardly left room for it.

An Admiral's Salute

As soon as Admiral Jellicoe began to talk to us who were on the shore, his top-hat proved no disguise. He was a seaman all over, cheery, bold and hearty. Drake and the Golden Hind were his themes, and well they served his purpose. He gave us some of Drake's own talk to his grumbling crew—how they should always remember that they are "one of the company"—advice good then, now, and always, for young and old.

And when the talking was over, and nineteen guns, an admiral's salute, had banged from the island peak, and exploration could begin, the admiral showed himself a real sport. One of the lurking hidden charms of that peak is a twisting slide from top to bottom. When he had seen his son, and Earl Haig's son, whizz down it, he took off his shining hat, and, with it in one hand and his stick in the other, whizzes down himself. How could he have given better proof that he was the very man to declare the Treasure Island duly open?

The Little Mountain Railway

The mountain peak on the island, the lagoon where you can go a-boating, and the ample sands around do not by any means exhaust the attractions of Treasure Island. It is ringed about by other mountains, among which you can distinguish the Three Sisters one sees in the Canadian Rockies on the way up to the Kicking Horse Pass; and, as one began to loll in the sun, for it was hot when Earl Jellicoe opened the children's playground, there came the rousing whistle of a railway engine, and the smallest engine anyone ever saw, on the smallest railway, with the smallest carriages, and one child in each carriage, came panting cheerily round the beach, and plunged with a scream into a tunnel under the Rocky Mountains.

You really must see this Treasure Island. It will give you a whole month of pleasant dreams. Picture on page one

NURMI THE FINN FASTEST RUNNER OF ALL TIME

How He Went Across the
World and Won Fresh Laurels

RACING WITH A WATCH IN HIS HAND

America's last hope of keeping supremacy in running contests is gone. There was an idea that when Nurmi, the Finnish and World's champion, went into the West the Indians who had been trained to run against him might check his victorious career. But nothing of the sort happened. When he reached California, instead of being beaten, he broke three more world records.

It is very seldom that any one man can be picked out from all the world and be said to be in some respect the best man in the world. But the possibility of doing that has occurred lately. It can be said with certainty that Paavo Nurmi is not only the fastest runner in the world, at certain distances from a mile onward, but that he can run faster than any man ever has run since records were kept.

The Record Breaker

There is nothing casual about this. During the last two years Nurmi has been breaking all the records from one mile up to six again and again. Nobody can be sure at any time what the record for a mile is, for while it is being written down Nurmi may be running somewhere and lowering the time. No one comes near him, or, apparently, ever has approached his speed.

Until recently the fastest time for a mile was 4 minutes 12½ seconds, the runner being the Englishman W. G. George. A fine time is 4 minutes 20 seconds. Nurmi has run the mile in 4 minutes 6 seconds, and believes he can yet do it in a level 4 minutes.

Probably he is 50 yards faster in a mile than anybody else has ever been, and he aspires to be 100 yards faster than anybody. He is proportionately as superior at longer distances up to six miles, and he intends to beat all records up to ten miles, and then train for the 26-mile Olympic Marathon.

His Method of Training

This amazing runner is by occupation a draughtsman in an office in the seaport of Abo, Finland. The Finns have of late distinguished themselves in athletics far beyond any other race, considering their limited numbers compared with more populous countries.

Nurmi has trained himself in his own way, and it is not the way of any of the professional trainers of running men. He does not diet himself, but eats heartily quite ordinary food. When he was breaking records in America recently he astonished the experts who train American athletes by running a mile in less time that it had ever been run in America, and then, before running a 5000-metre race, eating a big apple contrary to all the trainers' rules. When the apple was finished he did the 5000 metres in 10 seconds less time than the American record for that distance.

Running Against Time

A feature of Nurmi's running is that he always runs with a watch in his hand, and keeps timing himself lap by lap. He does not run against his competitors, but against time, knowing that if he is beating the best time he will be beating them. They may spurt, but he does not. He knows exactly what he can do, and whether he is up to his own fixed time for any part of the course.

Nurmi is a very quiet, modest Finlander who hates show, avoids being made much of, does his own job in his own way, and, without the least ostentation, has won a supreme place among mankind as a runner, and brought honour to his race and country.

THE SUFFERING CHILD'S SCHOOL

Board of Education
Thinks of It

A MOVEMENT FORWARD

All who care for the nation's children will welcome a circular recently issued by the doctors of the Board of Education to the education authorities.

The circular proposes a new advance in dealing with the children who most need our pity and care. In England and Wales there are 150,000 children who cannot be properly cared for except in schools specially suited to their condition. There are the blind, the deaf, the crippled, the epileptic, and the mentally defective. Only about 40,000 of these suffering children are now receiving the attention that can give them such relief as is possible. The circular suggests that the authorities should bestir themselves, and the authorities are now reporting to the Board of Education on what they are doing.

Educative work for these children, who are helpless without it, is being done admirably in many places where the value of education is enthusiastically understood; but there are areas where little or nothing is done. It is right that the backward should be stirred up, though often areas are backward through difficulties of organisation, owing to cases being widely scattered.

Whatever knowledge and skill can do should be available for suffering childhood everywhere, freely and gladly, and we hope that public sentiment and watchfulness will support strongly the onward movement suggested in the Board's circular.

BORIC ACID DAY BY DAY The Mystery of the Bill of Fare

What is that boric acid we read of on the bills-of-fare of our tearshops as something which they do not use, or of which they use only a very, very little?

Professor Dixon, lecturing to the London Medical Society, has been telling us what it is, and why cream or milk or confectionery is a good deal better without it. Boric acid is a preservative of food, but it is not good for anybody who eats the food.

Preservatives are always doubtful things, said Professor Dixon, because, though they may preserve the appearance of the food, they do not kill the germs which are making it bad.

Boric acid is just the opposite of a vitamin. Instead of helping food to feed us, it keeps it from doing so.

Moreover, although only a few grains of it may be taken, the body retains one-sixth of all the boric acid it receives.

Professor Dixon, who would have the use of boric acid prohibited in England, as it is in France, Sweden, the United States, and Germany, adds that at present, whether we want to or not, we are taking eight grains of boric acid a day.

A PASSING TRADE

The Whip Women of Covent Garden

The coming of the motor-car has changed many lives; the old callings that are disappearing with the horse make a long list. Here is one of them.

For three hundred years the women of six families have held the post, generation after generation, of whip women at the great Covent Garden vegetable market in London. They were there to take charge of the whips of the carters while they were busy in the market.

Now they are disappearing, because the carters are disappearing. The vegetables come and go, for the most part, not in carts but in motor-lorries. And motor-lorries do not require whips, so the whip women have to seek other employment.

EMIGRATION AND ITS COST

Great Australian Scheme LOANS AND CHEAP FARES

Many a struggling family in England would gladly emigrate to one of the British Dominions if it were not for the heavy cost of the journey and of the settlement when they get there.

The Colonial Office has just been able to announce two great new schemes dealing with these difficulties.

An agreement has been made with the Australian Commonwealth Government which it is hoped will result in the settlement of no fewer than 450,000 people from the United Kingdom, including 34,000 families. For every 10,000 people settled Britain will pay £130,000, provided the Australian authorities spend £750,000. A total loan of 34 millions is to be raised under the scheme for the State Governments to spend on helping the settlers.

Out of this suitable rural districts will be developed, roads, railways, and bridges made, land bought and cleared, electric power developed, butter and sugar factories built, and advances made to settlers for machinery and stock.

Australia is ready also to take suitable settlers out at less than half the ordinary fare, and children under twelve free. For single men the fare will be £16 10s. New Zealand offers still lower fares: £13 15s. for single men, and children free up to the age of 19.

A QUESTION OF CLOTHES

The Troubles of a Statesman

Fierce is the light that beats upon a Labour leader's trousers. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who, as a struggling journalist, knew what it was to wear baggy trousers many years before he owned a Court suit, gave great offence to some of his supporters recently by appearing in a pair with a crease fashionably adorning the legs.

It was all his daughter's fault, for she had prudently folded an old pair and put them away to await better times. When the ex-Prime Minister recovered them and put them on, a lovely crease had appeared, to give them an air of having been bought yesterday. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, happiest when in knickerbockers, never noticed it, though doubtless his daughter did, and so did a photographer who snapshotted him.

But when the snapshot burst on the Labour world they did not admire it at all. They bitterly said he was abandoning the workers, and was becoming too respectable. A little discomfited he sought another pair for his next public occasion, and learned from an observant newspaper that they showed signs of wear! What is he to do? he asks. The answer is that things will right themselves so long as he does not try the newest Oxford trousers.

WHERE SOVEREIGNS MAY BE SEEN

Everywhere but in England

Few of us in England have seen a British sovereign for years, and even now that the gold standard is restored paper money will still be used at home. Yet abroad the sovereign is by no means a rare sight. It has been exported, under licence, all along as the raw gold has been imported to replace it.

America has had most of it of late in payment of our debt, but a great deal has gone, for instance, to India. Even Russia has had a share of our sovereigns. Almost everywhere, except at home, the sovereign is to be found in circulation. It is included in the very miscellaneous currency of Albania, and the Arabs of the Red Sea prize it greatly.

CAN WE PEOPLE THE EMPIRE?

A PROBLEM OF POPULATION

More Old People and Fewer Children

WHY WE LIVE LONGER NOW

The most remarkable thing in Mr. Winston Churchill's Budget speech has attracted little attention. It is a matter, which has been realised by few people.

The nation is growing older!

In the year 1891 the number of people between the ages of forty and sixty was 5,200,000.

When the last census was taken, in 1921, the number of persons aged forty to sixty had grown to 9,700,000—an increase out of all proportion to that of the population. What brought about this remarkable result?

It is a question with several answers, and each of them is of the utmost importance to the nation.

The first answer is that fewer children have been born in recent years, so that the ranks of the young have not been recruited as of old.

If this goes on the population will cease to increase, and then diminish.

Indeed, last year in England and Wales the number of children born was only 257,000 greater than the number of people who died.

The Truth About War

The second answer is that people are living longer than they used to live. There are several reasons for this. For one thing people eat and drink less, and live altogether healthier lives. At the same time, science has taught us how to conquer some diseases. And then, of course, sanitation has made tremendous progress.

The third answer is that the war robbed the nation of about 800,000 men, most of whom were young. That was a most considerable factor in raising the age of the nation. It was just as though the Angel of Death had picked out our very best and destroyed them. We cannot too often remind ourselves of the horror of it, for alas! we are not yet free from the fear of further war, and only lively realisation of the truth about war can prevent its recurrence.

The fourth answer is that emigration, which is considerable, mainly consists of young people. We are emigrating about 200,000 people a year, and these chiefly consist of young men, young women, and children. This factor is likely to increase because many agencies are at work to further emigration.

Facts that are Overlooked

All these things affect the nation's work, revenue, position, and prospects. One curious result will be that as the years go by Old Age Pensions will cost us more and more. Thus, whereas now they cost us 27 million pounds a year, in 1945 they will cost 46 millions, and in 1955 54 millions.

Another important aspect is that if the population comes to a standstill we shall be unable to supply the British Empire with population without diminishing our strength at home.

As we know, the population of France came to a standstill some time ago. Scotland has already begun to decline, the decrease in the Scottish population last year being about 40,000 persons.

What serious facts these are, and how rarely we see them discussed in the papers! The flood of news is so great that we easily come to overlook the most important things of all.

A GREAT DAM FINISHED

The great dam on the Blue Nile which was to be finished in July is already finished, and its irrigation canals will be finished before the time allowed expires. The dam when filled will hold as much water as would last greater London two years.

FLOUTING THE PLUMAGE ACT

PROHIBITED FEATHERS FREELY SOLD

Traffic That Lives on the Slaughter of Baby Birds

WILL THE GOVERNMENT ACT?

Four years ago, after many years of agitation, Parliament passed the Plumage Prohibition Act to prevent the importation and sale of certain kinds of bird plumage in this country.

The trade in ostrich feathers, which involves no destruction of life, was not aimed at; the measure was to protect lovely creatures throughout the world which are in danger of extinction through being hunted ruthlessly for their feathers.

The Act came into force in April, 1922, so that it has been at work for about three years.

Yet we still see in the shops large quantities of the prohibited plumage.

A Hateful Trade

There is unfortunately no doubt that continual attempts are being made to carry on this hateful traffic. We know that seizures have been made of nearly a hundred different sorts of prohibited plumage. Among the birds whose plumes or skins have been seized on attempted importation are:

Sunbird	Blue Bird	Barbet
Waxwing	Bower Bird	Grebe
Kingfisher	Parson Bird	Egret
Flamingo	Bird of Paradise	Macaw

We saw offered for sale in a shop window in London on a day in February this year thirteen different kinds of Birds of Paradise. On another day in London this year hundreds of these plumes were shown simultaneously in different shop windows. Moreover, these Paradise feathers have been continually on sale during the whole three years during which the Act has been operating as law. Clearly, therefore, the Government is not succeeding in stopping the trade.

Three Appeals

The C.N. appeals to the Government, to the traders, and to the public in this matter.

To the Government it says:

Enforce the law rigorously, and do not allow it to be flouted.

To the trader it says:

Do not allow yourself to be made an instrument for the destruction of glorious birds threatened with extinction.

To the women who are tempted by the beauty of a hat trimmed with stolen feathers it says:

Remember that this plumage is the natural decoration of birds at nesting time, and that the plume can only be got for you by murdering a family of young birds.

SHIP TO CARRY 80 PLANES

An Aerodrome at Sea

By special permission of the Washington conference on disarmament, America has converted the Saratoga, which was built for a battle cruiser, into the largest flying-machine carrier in the world.

This vessel has just been launched and her sister ship, the Lexington, is nearly ready too. She is 874 feet long, 14 feet longer than the British battle-cruiser Hood, and it is believed she can carry eighty flying machines at one time. She is powerfully armed and can steam over 33 knots an hour, more than two knots faster than the Hood.

To give more room for the flying machines to "land" and "take off," the funnel is right at the side of the deck, instead of in the middle.

The latest British carriers, by the way, have no funnel at all, but emit their smoke through pipes in the stern.

A CHINESE GENERAL LOOKS ON LONDON

What He Thinks of Summer Time

WAITING FOR THE LONDONER TO RISE

General Hsu, the Chinese soldier who heads the mission that has come from far Cathay to see how the English live and work, has been contemplating Summer Time. He is not impressed. That is because, in spite of all the persuasiveness of the Act of Parliament, the English cannot be got up early enough to suit the General.

At eight o'clock in the morning he has long been up and waiting for the London day to begin. Another visitor to our shores, and one who loved us for a decent and dauntless people, the late Mr. Henry James, the novelist, once spoke of the prompt Paris morning. But he never thought London was prompt to get on with the morning, and General Hsu agrees with him, expressing himself quite strongly on the point to an interviewer.

He was willing, even eager, he said to get up at daybreak, as all good Chinese used to do; but if he did so in London, there was nothing to do till that tardy hour of eight o'clock, when the rest of the world was ready.

When Emperors Rise at Daybreak

Lest it should be thought that General Hsu was too hard on us, let his admission be recorded that, since the Manchu kings were replaced by a republic, China is not nearly so prompt in the mornings as she used to be. In those golden days even emperors started work at daybreak, and politicians were at it before that. But now that revolutionary ideas have crept in the Chinese Cabinet meets at 11 o'clock in the morning.

But if the idea of doing less and working shorter hours seems to have crept into China with the republic, it is General Hsu's belief that in his country the new politics will settle down in time and be absorbed by China as she has absorbed so many changes and governments in her long, long history.

For thousands of years China has been governed. The people have left the business to their kings, princes, and governors. Now that they have taken it over themselves, they cannot be expected to think all in the same way. It is with them, says General Hsu, as with a patch of newly-sown grass. When the blades first push up through the earth, some point to the east and some to the west. But when the field is fully grown the passing breeze blows all the grass the same way.

In short, in China, some day, East and West will meet.

WORLD WIRELESS MESSAGE

By the Children of Wales

In recent years the children of Wales belonging to the League of Nations Union have sent a wireless message to children everywhere. This is their message for the present Whitsuntide:

We, boys and girls of the Principality of Wales and of Monmouthshire, greet with a cheer the boys and girls of every other country under the Sun.

Will you, millions of you, join in our prayer that God will bless the efforts of the good men and women of every race and people who are doing their best to settle the old quarrels without fighting? Then there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and to kill one another.

Long live the Covenant of the League of Nations—the friend of every mother, the protector of every home, and the guardian angel of the youth of the world.

A DOCTOR'S BRIGHT IDEA

Talks to Fathers About Children

Dr. Dennis Geffen has hit on a bright idea. He is collecting the working men of Finsbury, where he is Assistant Medical Officer of Health, and is teaching them the responsibility and importance of the father of a family.

The mothers cannot be expected to do everything (said Dr. Geffen the other day). Often they are unable to carry out the advice the doctor gives them because their husbands do not understand how important it is to take every care of the children.

"For example," said he, "when a baby cries at night the father tells the mother to give it something to eat, and stop its noise. It is often the worst thing in the world for the baby to be fed at such a time, but the father, who cannot get his night's sleep while his infant is crying, does not understand the harm he may be doing. That is why I am trying to get at the fathers, and teach them how important a privilege it is to have a family."

Dr. Geffen issues invitations to the fathers of his district to meet him in a local hall. Tobacco and coffee are provided, and after a talk by the doctor the men discuss their family affairs, ask for advice, and sometimes give it.

LARGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

Liverpool's Great Enterprise

A tunnel for motor traffic 44 feet wide, under a river three-quarters of a mile wide, is something new in tunnel making. Liverpool and her sister boroughs have been discussing such a project for a long time; now they are going to act. It is said that it will be the largest tunnel in the world.

It is hoped to begin work before the end of the year. The Government has promised to contribute three-quarters of the cost in order to find useful work for the unemployed.

This will not be the first Mersey Tunnel. A railway tunnel was opened nearly forty years ago. That was only 26 feet wide against the 44 feet of the new one. At present all vehicular traffic has to cross the river in ferry boats, and the congestion is sometimes so great that something like an hour is spent waiting in the queue.

The original idea was to have trams in the new tunnel as well as motor traffic; but the vested interests of the towns on the Cheshire side of the river have prevented an agreement on that point for the present.

ROADS FROM SLAG

Putting the Sea to Work

Workington is making good use of her ugly slag heaps. They are being made into fine road-making material, of which 3000 tons are expected to be turned out every week when the new plant is in full swing.

It is not a new experiment, as the value of slag as a road-making material has been fully realised the last few years, and many plants for dealing with it have been set up. But the new plant at Workington seems to be unique—for it has an ally in the sea!

The slag heaps are on the shore, and the loose slag that falls to the bottom is rolled about by the waves and washed up again, after having all the soluble matter extracted by the sea water. When saturated with bitumen, it is said to be so insoluble, dry, and clean that it is even better than tar macadam.

The Workington authorities have long looked with disfavour at the encroachment of the ugly slag on the foreshore; now perhaps they will change their minds!

STAR SYSTEMS OF THE GREAT BEAR

SUNS RUSHING TOWARDS THE EARTH

The Wonders the Spectroscope Revealed

TRAVELLING AT 100 MILES A SECOND

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Among the many stellar glories that come within reach of naked eye perception in the great constellation of Ursa Major, none is more impressive than the star systems of Zeta and Alcor.

Reference to these stars was made in last week's C.N., and their location was shown in the star map. It is quite easy to find them, for they are almost overhead of an evening just now.

Zeta in Ursa Major is also popularly known by its Arabic name Mizar, and has been particularly noted from ancient times on account of the small star Alcor, which may be seen quite close to it. This star was much fainter and more difficult to see a thousand years or so ago. According to Vögel, it has, with Mizar, been rapidly approaching us at nearly 1200 miles a minute.

Companions 25 Million Miles Apart

When seen through an astronomical telescope Mizar is found to be composed of two stars, one of the second and the other of the fourth magnitude.

The spectroscope, however, has revealed that each of these stars is composed of two immense suns. So four suns are where we see but one star with the naked eye; how many worlds or planets are there cannot be known at that great distance—some 75 light years!

Each pair of suns is revolving around some point between them, and taking some hundreds of years to complete one revolution around an orbit 150 times the diameter of the Earth's orbit.

The larger pair have been found to be only 25,000,000 miles apart, just over a quarter of the Earth's distance from the Sun; they revolve round one another at 100 miles a second in 20½ days.

Pairs of Suns

These two suns possess between them about four times the material that our Sun does, but, owing to their much greater heat, this material is expanded into much larger dimensions, or volume, so that they radiate their heat and light from a much larger surface, their combined light being about 90 times that of our Sun. The smaller pair of suns, about which less is known, radiate about 25 times as much light as our Sun.

Far away from this wonderful quartette composing Mizar, is the much smaller Alcor; this star has also been found to be composed of a pair of bright suns, each enveloped in incandescent hydrogen. Now Alcor's pair of suns, while revolving round one another, are rushing through space in the same direction as Mizar's quartette are, but at a distance from Mizar 16,000 times greater than that between our Earth and the Sun.

The Speed of Light

We are thus enabled to see with the naked eye how short this vast distance appears when viewed from our world.

It takes a ray of light about 88 days to travel from Alcor to Mizar, although speeding at 11,179,800 miles a minute. The nearest star to us, Proxima Centauri, is about 16 times as far, while Alpha Centauri and our Sun, were we able to observe them from the distance of Mizar, would appear like two faint stars, scarcely perceptible to the eye and nearly 17 times as far apart as Alcor appears to be from Mizar. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Mars and Venus in north-west, Saturn south, and Jupiter south-east about midnight.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

What Has Happened Before

Christopher Curwell, who is ordered a complete change of air and scene in a cold climate, goes with his sister and two brothers for a long holiday in Arctic Canada, Ole Oleson acting as guide.

After spending the winter near Great Bear Lake the party sets out for Victoria Island. While crossing the frozen Coronation Gulf they find the ice sinking under them.

CHAPTER 9

A Race with Death

ELLEN and Christopher, following with the Eskimos and second sled some distance behind, sensed the danger they were in as much from the haste with which Ole and the boys hurried toward them as from the unmistakable sinking sensation under their own feet. Without wasting a moment, then, they turned and ran back as fast as the frightened dogs could take them over the bending sea ice.

It was a race with death.

Sometimes the ice beneath them seemed thicker. Sometimes it was so far thawed that it broke behind them as they passed over and the black sea water welled up with what seemed to Tom a hungry murmur.

At last they reached the shore and flung themselves down exhausted on the snow, while the dogs stood near them trembling with fatigue and fright. Tom was the first to speak.

"I say!" he cried, blowing out a breath of relief that formed in a cloud of vapour round his head. "That was a narrow squeak, if you like. I move we pitch camp right here. I'm afraid to go either forward or back. Are you sure there's good earth under us and not a mile or two of ice-cold water?"

"You're all right now," Ole consoled him. "But there's no question of stopping. We must get across the straits as quickly as possible. I'd no idea the thaw had gone so far." "Surely," cried Christopher, "you're not intending to try that passage again, Ole?"

Ole nodded. "Yes, but not in the same way, of course. I should have tried Eskimo methods in the first place. They're always the best."

"How do the Eskimos do it?" asked Timothy.

"They follow the moving caribou herds," answered Ole. "At this time of year the caribou wander northward in small bands. Their instinct for thin ice is better than ours, and if they make a mistake their going down will serve to warn us. If we do this our passage will be almost certainly safe."

The party ate a noon meal of dried venison, and rested while they watched for the animals that were to be their unwitting guides across the frozen straits. Before long a band of about twenty caribou passed leisurely by not far away. Hastily getting their sleds in readiness, the Curwells prepared to follow them at a safe distance.

It was pretty to see with what sure instinct the big animals picked their way across the treacherous ice. Ole and Timothy in the lead found their tracks invariably on tough old ice that held the humans' weight without the slightest bending. In time the straits had been safely passed and the party was on the opposite shore.

Here, almost immediately, Ole found another sort of track.

"Humans!" he exclaimed, examining the traces. "There are Eskimos somewhere about, probably a village not far off. I think we had better push on. If they are friendly we shall have good shelter for the night."

In a few minutes the party had started out again, eager to use the few hours of daylight left them. The tracks they followed were those of an Eskimo sled and one man, and

they kept for the most part near the shore. Twilight was coming on when the tracks were seen to turn sharply out into the sea ice.

"What's to do now?" called Timothy, who was for the moment at the head of the leading sled. "We don't want to go back to the mainland, do we?"

"He may have gone out to get a seal," answered Ole. "Stop a moment while I have a look round with my glasses."

The Scandinavian mounted a near-by hillock and searched the surroundings with his six-power field-glasses, which he always used when the light was not clear.

A moment or two later he called the boys to him with a shout. "There are seals out on the ice," he said as they approached, "and—wait a minute—yes, there is at least one hunter out there."

"May I look?" asked Timothy eagerly, taking the glasses. "I say, Ole, the man out there is standing, swinging out his arms, and there are other men running to him from all directions."

"He must have killed a bearded seal," said the Scandinavian. "It is village law that whoever kills one must signal to the rest to come and divide with him."

"The village can't be far off now; we had better let them know we are here, for they would probably rather come out to us and make sure of our friendliness before we approach."

As he spoke a number of lights appeared a short way along the shore, and on examination these proved to come from a village of about fifteen snow houses. Blubber bags, sleds, and tethered dogs were lying about, seen as dark blots on the snow, and clothes had been hung up to dry on stretched lines of deerskin.

"A good-sized village," remarked Christopher, giving the glasses to the impatient Thomas. "At last we are among the people we came to see. I hope they will prove friendly."

This was soon to be shown, for some of the untethered dogs of the village had got wind of the strangers, and came running out to meet them, barking excitedly.

CHAPTER 10

The Eskimo Village

MOST of the Eskimos, the women and children among them, stopped timidly at a distance, but three men came directly on, holding their hands high above their heads, and shouting something that Ole translated to mean, "We are friendly. We have no knives."

"Say it back to them, Ole!" cried Tom, immensely interested, putting up his hands in imitation of the natives. The others followed his example.

"Who are you?" cried the Eskimos as soon as they had come close.

"Kablunak (white men)," answered Ole. "We are friendly."

"We are glad you have come," replied the first Eskimo, while another, with a grunt of satisfaction began to communicate with the rest of the village by a strange species of sign language. He ran to one side of the leading sled and stopped. Then he ran across the trail until he was about the same distance on the other side of the sled and stopped. When he had done this several times the rest of the villagers seemed suddenly loosed from their timidity and came pouring down upon the English party.

"Evidently those signs mean that we are not dangerous," remarked Timothy.

"Where do you come from? You have travelled long? Come to our village! We will build you a house!" A babble of hospitable chatter came from the natives. Much of it the boys understood, for

they had been picking up Eskimo words during the winter from their native companions from the south.

The village looked very cosy as they drew near, with its oil lamps shining through ice windows that looked like thick greenish glass. The sleds were drawn up before the largest house, and a great hulla-balloo ensued, the people, in their thick fur garments, looking for all the world like clumsy animals, as they crawled about on the snow and put their dark faces, surrounded by the white fur trimming of their hoods, to the door to call someone within.

"I do hope they're going to ask us in to supper," said Ellen wistfully to Tom, on the sled beside her. "I'm hungry."

At this moment a strange little old woman came out of the house. She was bent half-over with age, and had a wrinkled old witch's face. After a glance round at the strangers she went up to Ellen, peered at her closely, and pushed back the white girl's fur hood. At sight of Ellen's bright red-gold hair she threw herself backward in an exaggerated posture of surprise and fear, then said something rapidly in Eskimo to the other villagers.

Ole Oleson, who was the only one of the white people to catch what the old woman said, immediately approached Ellen and stood protectively by her.

"She says you are a turnrak, a spirit," he explained.

"Oh dear!" sighed Ellen, comically, "and I suppose spirits don't eat in this country!"

The old woman's pronouncement had been received in silence by the others, and as she spoke a younger woman sped away to her house, evidently on some errand.

"Precisely," said Ole, in answer to Ellen's plaint. "She's going to tell you that way. She says, if you will eat you are human. If not, you are a turnrak, and must be driven away."

"Oh, I'm human all right," asserted Ellen. "Just let her try me."

The younger woman returned with a piece of seal blubber. The elder took it ceremoniously, cut off a small piece, and held it out to Ellen on the point of the knife.

"Ugh!" said Ellen aside to Tom, but she took the unappetising bit gravely, and swallowed it.

All the villagers, who had been leaning forward breathlessly to watch the test, showed signs of great satisfaction at this, and the sleds were drawn farther into the town.

"That old woman is evidently a shaman, or sorceress," said Christopher. "She is to the Eskimo what the medicine man was to the American Indians. She has a malignant face, though, and I shouldn't trust her very far."

Ask Mother to buy you the

BEST WAY CHILDREN'S SEWING BOOK

(No. 93)

This splendid book will teach you how to sew and make all sorts of jolly little things—presents for Mother, Red Indian Costumes, and clothes for Dolly. You will be able to get hours of fun from every page.

Any newsagent can supply this book. If he hasn't got it in stock he will order it. Tell Mother to be sure and ask for the

BEST WAY CHILDREN'S SEWING BOOK

6^p of all Newsagents

The shaman, shaking her head and muttering, went back into her house.

The rest of the villagers, however, now that official sanction had been given to their guests, were overflowing with friendliness, and it was evident that, apart from their superstitions, their impulses were hospitable and kind.

"We will build you a house, for it is nearly sleep time," said one of the Eskimos to Christopher, and went off with several others to cut suitable blocks of frozen snow from a near-by drift.

Another came forward courteously to Ole.

"My wife wishes to entertain the white girl with the copper hair," he said. Each of the others was asked to a separate house to eat boiled seal meat and blood soup.

After supper Christopher's host asked to be shown where the white man's dogs had been tethered.

"We will give them boiled meat as well," he said, "for the dogs are honourable as the bringers of our guests."

By the time the dogs were fed the new house was finished and the white people were escorted to it by the hospitable villagers. The Eskimos left them at the threshold, saying their guests must be tired and desirous of sleep; and, as the boys and Ellen entered by the low door, they were surprised to find how snug a snow house might be.

A seal oil lamp burned with a yellow glow at one side, lighting up the glistening white walls and ceiling, already beginning to glaze over with a coating of ice, for the cold behind the walls froze the inner surface as fast as it melted with the inside heat. The room was warmed to about seventy degrees, and was quite comfortable.

Tom's first interest was with the sleeping accommodation, for they had been travelling many hours and were very tired.

"They've cut the floor in two levels," he exclaimed.

At the back of the oval-shaped room, indeed, was a snow platform about two feet high, well covered with caribou and bear skins; on these the Eskimos, who had unpacked their visitors' sleds, had laid their sleeping bags.

In spite of the excitement of the day the others were too fatigued even to discuss their adventures, and slipped thankfully into their sleeping bags. They were soon all asleep, Ellen dreaming of shamans and fur garments, and Thomas and Timothy of bear and seal hunts.

Their dreams were to come true in a startling manner the next day. On awakening from a long and refreshing sleep they found the space in front of their house full of natives. The Eskimos had been there for hours. The men were planning an expedition out on the ice for seals and invited the boys to go too. Thomas and Timothy were keen to go. Ole assented, and even Christopher, who had intended to spend the day noting down Eskimo customs in the village, decided he would accompany the men out on the ice.

"Seal hunting takes considerable skill, and you must go slow about it at first," Ole Oleson explained to the younger boys. "If you, young Tom, and he fixed the youngest of them with a stern glance, "don't restrain your eagerness at first you're likely to go down a seal hole after your prey, and that may mean bumping your head on the under side of seven foot of ice."

"I'll be careful, Mister Oleson," answered Tom blithely, but the excitement of actually killing a seal later in the day made him forget his promise, to the imminent peril of his young life. But how it happened must be told later.

As for Ellen, left alone in the village, the day was to bring her her share of adventure, and a premonitory chill ran down her spine as she saw, across a group of friendly women, the baleful eyes of the old shaman fixed on her.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Unexpected Assistance

Two cousins—boy and girl—were bicycling along a lonely road in North Wales together one afternoon.

Owen was country born and bred. Mefanwy had been brought up in the town all her days, and was a little afraid of the turkey cock and the geese in the farm, and still more of any horned cattle she might meet.

"I wish we had not chosen to visit the castle ruins, Owen," said Mefanwy. "The road will be full of cows and pigs going to market."

"Don't say you are going to be afraid of pigs and sheep next," said her squire ungallantly. "As for cows, they will have drovers."

By this time they were speeding along a narrow road with a high wall on one side and a single-track railway line on the other.

Mefanwy leaned forward on her handlebars and looked ahead.

"See, Owen, a herd of cattle in the distance coming towards us," she said nervously. "The one at the back is enormous; it seems to tower right over all the others."

"Cows, just cows," said her cousin disdainfully. "Hurry up; we can pass them quite easily."

Once more they hastened on, and as they drew near the herd the big white animal no longer led his regiment from behind, but came proudly to the front, snuffing in suspicion, bellowing in defiance.

"I don't care what you say," gasped Mefanwy. "That is the biggest, nastiest cow I have ever seen in my life, and I think the drover must be in an inn."

But Owen's voice failed him for an answer.

Meanwhile, the bull still snorted and trampled with rage at the sight of the children, then lowered his head, and rushed forward to attack them.

White as paper, unable to move a limb, they watched him come and could not flee.

Just at that moment a luggage-train came up the railway, travelling the same way as the cattle.

Owen knew the driver; frantically he beckoned to him and pointed to the bull.

Driver and fireman took in the children's danger. They put on speed, and hurried up the engine till they drew alongside the bull.

Slowing down, and standing on the tender, they bombarded him with big bits of coal as hard as they could pelt, aiming at the wall and beyond the bull.

His fury and attention were drawn to one side of the road, and the children slipped past him on the other, the road being downhill all the way.

When they dared to look back over their shoulders they saw their cunning enemy had found out his real assailants, and he was galloping beside the train, faster than it seemed possible for him to travel, trying to gore the engine.



The Gorgeous Blooms of May are Out



D! MERRYMAN

"THIS is the type of car that pays for itself, sir," remarked the salesman at the motor show.

"Very well," was the prospective buyer's answer; "as soon as it has done that you can have it delivered at my garage."

Not Watch Dogs

A SPERM-WHALE was heard by a shark

To make an indignant remark:

"When harpooners draw near
It is certainly queer

That these dogfish of ours do not bark!"

WHAT is that which you cannot hold for ten minutes and yet is as light as air?

Your breath.

Do You Live at Bacup?

IN the thirteenth century the place was called Ffulebachope, which means foul bach hope—that is, "the enclosed valley of the foul or dirty brook." Bacup is situated in the centre of four valleys, and no doubt at one time a muddy brook ran there.

Quantity

"WHY did you enquire that singer, Mac?" his friend inquired at the concert. "He was not worth listening to."

"Eh, but, mon," said Mac, "Ah've paid to hear him, and might as well have as much as Ah can get for the money."

A Reversed Word

I'm a box; I'm a tapster;

I live by designing;

I'm a dealer in wire

With gilding all shining.

Reverse me, you'll find

I'm a recompense sweet,

Whose hope lightens labour,

Though never so great.

Solution next week

WHY is a drawn tooth like something you have forgotten? Because it is quite gone out of your head.

Only Too True

THERE was a grocer named March.

One day a commercial traveller came into his shop and said: "March, on the first of April the price of tea is going up."

"I'm sorry to hear that," replied March.

A few days later a wholesale salesman came in and said: "March, on the first of April the price of sugar is going up."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said March.

Later on the landlord came in and said: "March, on the first of April I must put the rent up."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said March. Then he put up this sign on his window:

THE FIRST OF APRIL WILL
BE THE END OF MARCH

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Puzzle in Rhyme. Seven, even, eve

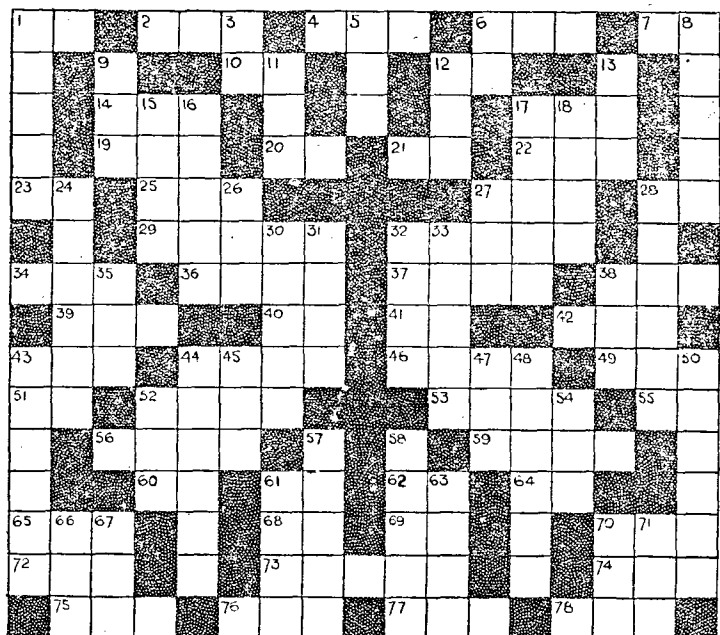
What Am I? Helping hand

Who Was He?

The Father of Science was Archimedes

A Butterfly Cross-Word Puzzle

Here is a cross-word puzzle in which there are 52 words across and 39 words down. The clues are given below. Can you solve the puzzle? A complete solution will be given next week.



ACROSS

- 1 Near. 2 Domestic animal. 4 Another domestic animal. 6 Their master. 7 Personal pronoun. 10 Upon. 12 Exist. 14 A number. 17 A meal. 19 Movement of the head. 20 Preposition. 21 Possessive pronoun. 22 Destructive animal. 23 Conjunction. 25 Portion. 27 Rod. 28 Gold in heraldry. 29 Look intently. 32 European country. 34 A metal. 36 Twirl round. 37 Thin. 38 Small snake. 39 Belonging to us. 40 Perform. 41 Preposition. 42 Occupy a chair. 43 An insect. 44 Other insects. 46 Path between mountains. 49 Permit. 51 Part of the verb to be. 52 Animal with fur. 53 Burden. 55 A branch of the Army (abbr.). 56 Cat's expression of happiness. 59 What the wind does. 60 North Latitude (abbr.). 61 Father. 62 Likewise. 64 Personal pronoun. 65 Employ. 68 Part of verb to be. 69 Artist's honour (abbr.). 70 Per-

DOWN

- 1 Sounds of a dog. 3 Depart. 5 Nocturnal bird. 6 Personal pronoun. 8 Go in. 9 A male. 11 Negative. 12 Sister's brother. 13 Flying mammal. 15 Nickname for heads. 16 Conducts a newspaper. 17 A locomotive with carriages. 18 Gain by labour. 21 Edible bulbs. 26 Slight blow. 27 Sheep's speech. 28 Edible mollusc. 30 One on horseback. 31 A Bible character. 32 Hit with the open hand. 33 Parts of a flower. 35 What goes on a bolt. 38 Be indisposed. 43 A weapon. 44 European capital. 45 Part of face. 47 Sigh with tears. 48 A fish. 50 Part of locomotive. 52 What we give bears. 54 Female deer. 57 Humped animal. 58 Song of joy. 61 Wan. 63 Sensible. 66 Soaked bread. 67 Go astray. 70 Part of the ocean. 71 Consume.

Jacko Takes the Poodle Out

JACKO wasn't very fond of pet dogs. He didn't mind large ones, like collies and retrievers, but he thought small dogs no end of a nuisance.

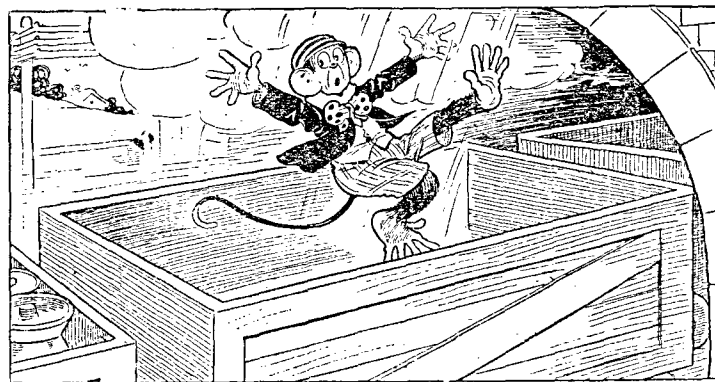
"Always yapping," he said. "I like a dog that's good for a rat hunt."

Belinda's new dog certainly wasn't good for a rat hunt. It was a poodle, and Jacko disliked it intensely. He was furious when Belinda asked him, one day, to take it out for her.

"As if I'd be seen out with a creature like that!" said Jacko, indignantly. "I wonder you like to ask me such a thing."

But Belinda thought Jacko ought to be proud to be seen out with her poodle!

"He's a beauty," she said, patting him fondly. "I'd take him out myself if I wasn't so busy with the spring cleaning."



He was being jogged along at thirty miles an hour

In the end Jacko gave in, for Belinda found him a big slice of cake and promised him another when he came back, so he felt he couldn't say No.

They started off in great style. The poodle was on a lead, and followed Jacko so quietly that he hardly knew it was there. But lots of people turned round to look at it, and Jacko soon began to feel quite uncomfortable. He turned up a side street after he had heard somebody say "What a funny-looking dog!"

After a bit they came to a railway bridge, and Jacko forgot his troubles. There was a train signalled, and he hung over the side of the bridge waiting to see it.

But it seemed as if he wasn't even to be allowed to watch trains in peace. A nasty-looking bull-dog came trotting along. It snarled at the poodle, and the poodle snarled back, and the next minute a fine dog-fight was going on.

Jacko was in a way. He didn't mind very much about the poodle, but he was afraid that he would get bitten himself! And that was something he hadn't bargained for.

He took very good care to leave go of the poodle. And it turned out to be the best thing he could have done, for the poodle suddenly gave the bull-dog the slip and made off for home as hard as it could go. Jacko had no idea it could run so fast!

And neither had the bull-dog. It was horribly disappointed, and went for Jacko instead!

Jacko made a wild dash for the parapet of the bridge and managed to swarm up it. But he over-reached himself and went flying through the air just as a goods train came snorting under the bridge. And the next thing he knew he was sitting in an empty truck, being jogged along at thirty miles an hour!

Jacko had never had such a lovely ride in his life. He went all the way to the next station; and when the railway people heard what had happened they gave him a free ride back.

"I'll take the poodle out another day," he said, with a grin.

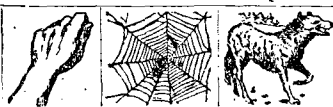
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1925	1924
London	8402	8423
Glasgow	2646	2573
Birmingham	1907	1741
Liverpool	1877	2037
Dublin	978	1095
Edinburgh	816	853
Hull	614	647
Sunderland	429	407
Plymouth	383	344
Aberdare	103	103
Cambridge	92	75
Eastbourne	68	56

The five weeks are up to May 2, 1925.

Ici on Parle Français



Le poignet La toile d'araignée Le loup

Cet homme a un poignet d'acier
La toile d'araignée est délicate
Il y a encore des loups en Sibérie



Un arc-en-ciel Le rouge-gorge Polichinelle

L'arc-en-ciel a sept couleurs
Le rouge-gorge a faim en hiver
Polichinelle amuse les enfants

Tales Before Bedtime

The Birthday Present

RUBY could not understand why grown-up people sometimes said they wanted to forget their birthdays.

To her they seemed quite the loveliest days in the year. But then little Ruby was an only child, with lots of uncles and aunts who sent her beautiful toys and chocolates.

All except Aunt Gertrude, who generally sent something useful; and this year her present was a strange one—a pair of black Wellington boots.

"Oh, I can't wear those ugly things!" cried Ruby, who had never seen any like them before. And when she tried them on, it felt just like standing in two big flower-pots.

But wearing them to school was even worse. The other little girls all stared so hard that Ruby felt quite miserable and cross, and she thought things about Aunt Gertrude that were not exactly kind.

After that, Mother put the unwanted boots right away out of sight, where Ruby hoped they would stay and be forgotten!

And then, at last, came the day of the paper-chase to which Ruby had been looking forward with eager joy. But alas, heavy rain had fallen the night before, and, as she was just getting over a cold, poor Ruby had to remain indoors.

Even Daddy felt quite distressed at his little girl's disappointment—especially when he saw how she struggled to keep back the tears.



Ruby pulled them on

Suddenly a bright idea came into his mind.

"I know," he said, turning to Mother; "how about the Wellington boots? No one could possibly take any harm in those."

Mother readily agreed. Ruby pulled them on, and very soon ran gaily off to join the others.

There was no objection to the boots this time, and no teasing from her playfellows either. Indeed, they all thought how lucky she was, and wished they too had a pair like them instead of such muddy shoes and stockings.

Ruby had one of the jolliest times of her life that day.

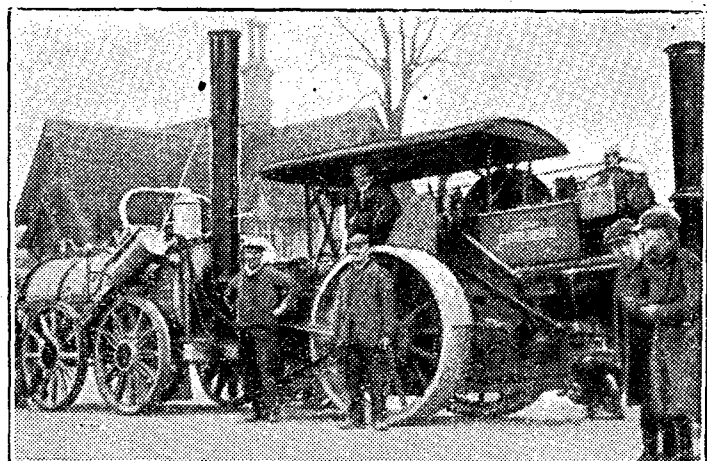
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 30, 1925 Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

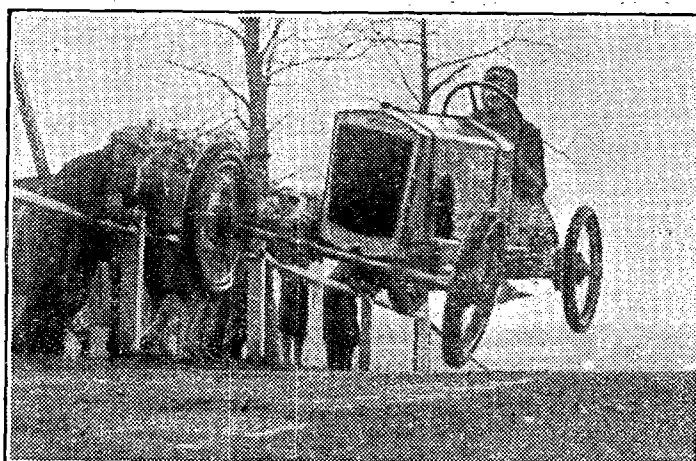
MOTOR-CAR'S HIGH JUMP · TRAINLOADS OF PIGEONS · THE PRINCE IN BUTTER



A Link with Great-Grandfather—The old Invicta engine that ran in 1830 between Canterbury and Whitstable is being exhibited at the Railway Exhibition, and here we see it being towed to town by a traction engine



The Crow-Scarer—Here is a Norfolk crow-scarer keeping the birds from the corn



A Jump at a Mile a Minute—At a recent test at Brooklands a car took the top of a hill with a very steep gradient at a speed of 60 miles an hour, and we see in this picture the jump it took into the air as it reached the summit



A Drink for a Thirsty Friend—This little helper on a farm in Hertfordshire is very thoughtfully giving a refreshing drink to a friendly farm horse after its long day's work in the fields



Mary and Her Little Lamb—Mary, a little maid of Southampton, has a pet lamb which goes about with her everywhere. It is a very quiet and well-behaved animal, as this picture shows



Trainloads of Pigeons—In a great pigeon-flying contest the other week 50,000 pigeons were liberated at Doncaster in batches, 42 special trains and over 1800 crates being needed to transport the birds, some of which are seen here waiting at the station after their arrival



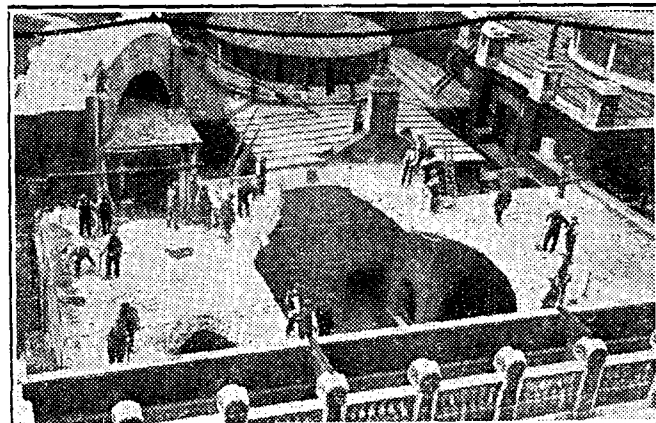
Amundsen's Polar Flight—This remarkable photograph shows one of the big flying-boats for Amundsen's Polar flight being hauled ashore at King's Bay, Spitsbergen, his starting point. It gives an excellent idea of the very difficult conditions that prevail in this region



A Big Hit—Cricket is becoming more and more popular with girls, and this picture shows some of the members of the Cobham Ladies' Club, Surrey, enjoying a practice game. The captain has just made a big hit



The Prince in Butter—This splendid model in butter of the Prince of Wales as a Red Indian is shown at Wembley



The Last of the Old Bank—Few people have seen the inside of the Bank of England, which is now being reconstructed on a grand scale. Here are some of the old buildings that are now being demolished

BURIED TREASURE OF NINETEEN CENTURIES—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

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